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REAL MEN

MARCH PDC

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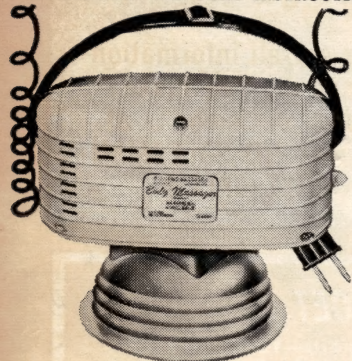
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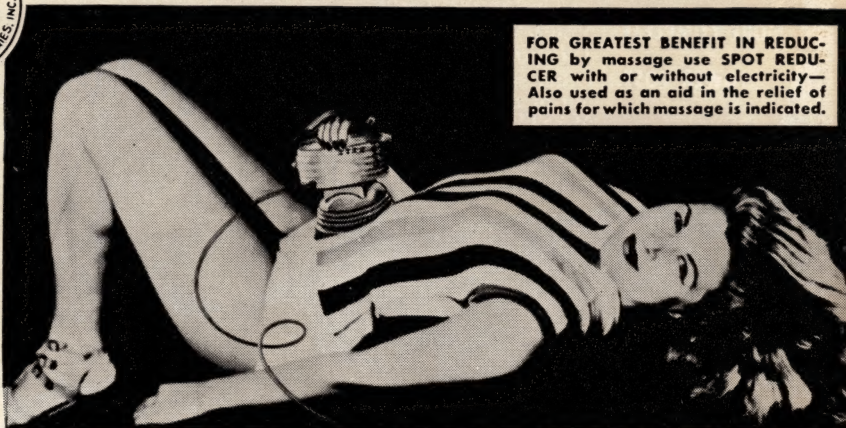
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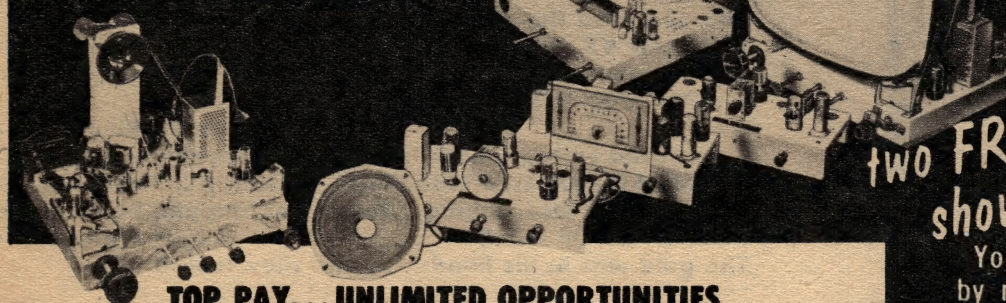
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REAL MEN

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 3



THE CRACK OF THE LASH



OUTSIDE WAS DEATH

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Cover Painting by Victor Prezio

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PRINCE JOMO rose on the balls of his dusty feet, lifted the pronged whip high over his head and brought it down on Ann's naked back. Her scream made my blood run cold, brought me lunging forward only to be stopped when my chest touched the spear tips of the Waikiri guards.

"Take it easy," Jim London muttered. "You won't help any of us that way. Give me a chance. We've got one slim hope."

The Waikiris hadn't tied us up. There was no need to. There were four of them to each of us and four more to each of the Masai boys that had guided us out here. The Waikiris held us against the stockade wall that enclosed their courtyard with diamond-sharp spears bare inches from our bodies. And just a few feet away from us, four more held Ann face

HE RULED A

JUNGLE PARADISE

WITH NINE BLOODY

STRIPS OF TERROR...

The country where the

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WAS

KING!

by **ROY MARGORY**

Ann sagged weakly, her screams of pain fading into moans as unconsciousness overcame her.





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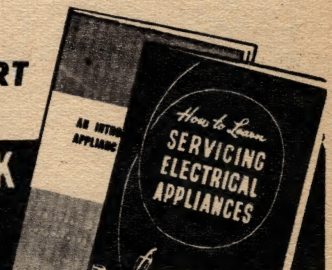
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down on the ground for Prince Jomo to lash with his cat-o'-nine-tails.

"I know what you're going through," Jim said softly as the whip went cracking against her white skin. "But remember the gods. Remember the little pitted gods. They are our one hope."

The thinnest of cords, hardly more than threads, encircled each of his shoulders. And hanging from each of those cords was a grenade, the cords going through the ringed ends of the cotter pins that prevented detonation. He had spoken quickly to the Waikiri warriors who grabbed us and succeeded in convincing them that the grenades were our gods . . . gods who should not be disturbed.

Crack!

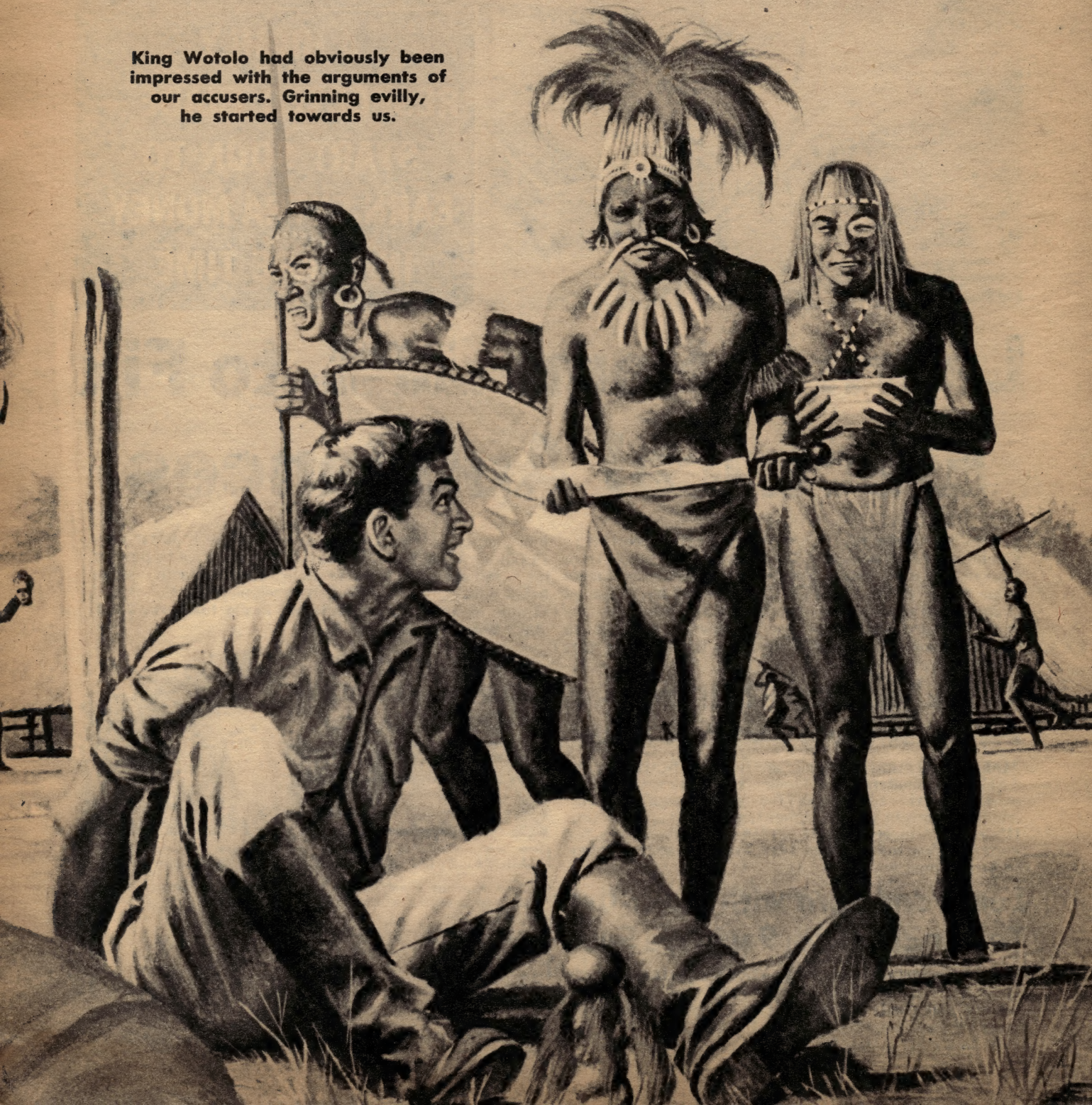
Again the whip slashed Ann's slim back and

blood formed in jagged lines, then swelled out of the cuts and poured over her skin. Her agonized screams pierced the throbbing jungle silence and I felt as though red-hot wires were being pushed under my nails. Her body writhed and dust matted her long blonde hair.

"We pray, we pray," Jim London said and his hands touched his shirt, then began to creep slowly upward toward his little pitted gods. But so slowly—because our guards, although interested in the whipping, were alert and on the job, too.

Ann's body actually lifted off the ground in her desperate efforts to break free. From the little stool that served as his throne, King Wotolo had been watching the punishment. Now the King spoke one word, sharply. (*Continued on page 74*)

King Wotolo had obviously been impressed with the arguments of our accusers. Grinning evilly, he started towards us.





"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal life.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a complete command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A COLLEGE GRADUATE, just fill out and send the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain a command of English quickly and easily at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-903, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.
Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet,
HOW TO SPEAK AND WRITE LIKE A COLLEGE GRADUATE.

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REAL MEN

SCOREBOARD

HEIL TO PAY

In West Hartford, Connecticut, Kenneth B. Johnson paid a \$2 fine for illegal overnight parking, and then drew an additional \$50 fine for making out his check to the "West Hartford Police Gestapo."

BABY-FAZED?

In Toulouse, France, Louise Blanc, 105 years old, arrived on her first airplane trip. Not worried about herself, she said her only concern was for the comfort of "her little girl," Lea, age 81, who "isn't used to traveling."

TUBE MUCH, TUBE SOON

In Blackpool, England, Health Inspector Frank Sugden, after a survey of 200 homes in the industrial town of Morley, reported that only three had bathtubs, six had hot water, four had their own toilets, but 125 had television sets.

BEST CELLERS

In Jefferson City, the Missouri State Penitentiary men's library received some donated books, including "The Bobbsey Twins at Snow Lodge," "Problems in Home Living," "A Campfire Girl's Chum," "Live Alone and Like It," "No More Alibis," "Home Nursing and Child Care," "How to Breast-Feed a Baby."

NOW BINDING

In Manhattan, a delivery truck of Barnes & Noble, Inc., publishers of school and college textbooks, has the word PASS painted in large letters on the left side of its tail gate, and the word FLUNK on the right side.

CRATER DESIRE

In Amsterdam, radiation scientist Tibor Helvey announced that he was looking for two men and a woman willing to simulate living together on the moon for eight days. The result--women volunteers outnumbered men volunteers 4-to-1.

NEIGHBOR HOOD

In Redondo Beach, California, Leo D. Burr left a note on his door reading, "Make yourself at home--the key's under the mat." He returned later to find that a thief had taken two rifles, an adding machine, a typewriter, a sewing machine, and a piggy bank.

FROZEN BEEF

In Sacramento, California, Loretta Weyant was granted a divorce on her testimony that after an argument, her husband had hung her from a meat hook in her restaurant's cold-storage room for two hours.

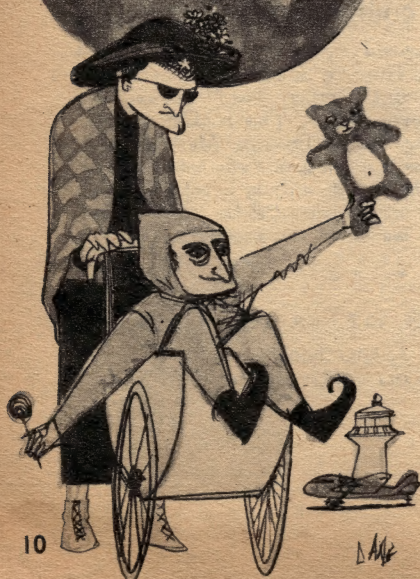
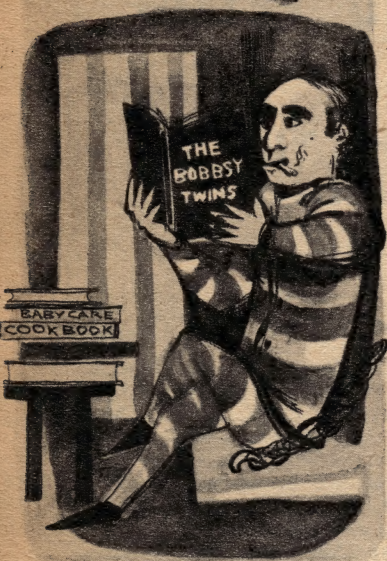
TESTY PILOT

In Wichita, Kansas, police refused to accept motorist Johnny Eli's complaint that a passenger airliner was "trying to crowd me off the road," and arrested him for drunken driving on the city's airport runway.

BUNGLE FROM HEAVEN

In Tulsa, Oklahoma, William S. Clark called the police, said his wife was ready to give birth, got an escort, jumped behind the wheel, raced through town behind a wailing patrol car, then discovered halfway to the hospital that he had forgotten his wife.

• • •



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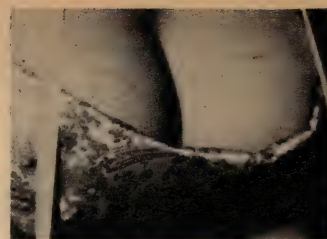
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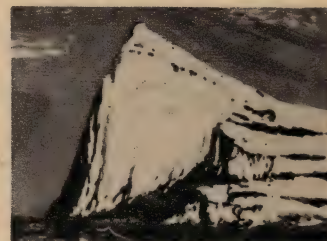
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Believe it or not, this parcel of pulchritude is insured against damage!



In 1898, Lloyds insured the Rock of Gibraltar against surprise seizure.



This set of twin risks is what makes the insurance business so interesting!

LLOYD'S: The Company That Bets On Anything!

By **RICHARD VAN BENSCHOTEN**

IF LLOYD'S had been in business during the reign of England's first Elizabeth, there is little doubt that this famous British insurance house would have given odds on the Virgin Queen's staying that way, provided she really was what her name implied — a point that many historians seriously question. However, it wasn't until about 1687 that the coffee house of Edward Lloyd, on Tower Street in London, became the regular meeting-place of men in the shipping business, where news of storms and shipwrecks was posted, where bookings were made for distant ports, and where, shortly afterwards, the first marine insurance was written. Since then Lloyd's has insured everything from the Rock of Gibraltar to a movie star's 42-inch bust line! It has bet a tremendously, overweight woman wouldn't reduce by another pound and that a pregnant wife wouldn't have twins. When it comes to the weather, while everybody else just talks about it, Lloyd's puts its

(Continued on page 71)

Stories say they'll insure anything from a sunny day to a Queen's virginity. Scoff if you will at these tales, but don't make book on your doubts—for chances are you'll lose your dough!



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BIG FUTURE

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Today is big with opportunity in the giant auto industry. Jobs for skilled men are plentiful; pay scales are high; the future is bright and secure. Over 60 million vehicles rumble on the highways—and one-third are in the heavy-repair class. No wonder a famous motor executive said that "America is short 100,000 auto mechanics." A noted trade magazine added that "America will be short 600,000 mechanics by 1967." And if you are ambitious to own a business, you'll find that conditions are ripe to get started. It is reported that the nation needs 25,000 more repair shops. Be an auto mechanic. Let CTI train you at home in spare time. Find out how by mailing coupon. Act today.

A Better Way to Learn Auto Mechanics at Home

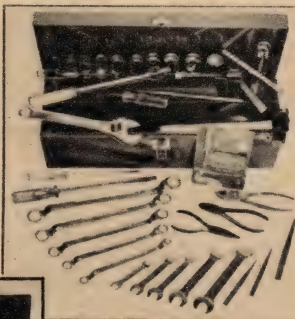
CTI home training was developed and proved *in the shop*. You learn to be an all-around mechanic. You get complete instruction in tune-up and overhaul; electric, cooling and lubricating systems; power steering; power brakes; automatic transmissions; etc. Every lesson is written in plain English; well illustrated; simple

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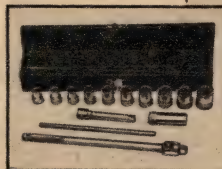
You Get Tools and Engine Tune-Up Kit—

You Learn by Practicing

As part of your training—and at no extra charge—you get an engine Tune-Up Kit (left). It includes a Compression Tester; Vacuum Gauge & Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; and portable steel case. Mechanics use these accurate, quality instruments to locate engine troubles.



You also get a set of mechanic's tools, including socket set (right). You'll be proud to own and use these fine tools. They let you learn the best way of all—by practicing. You get experience as you train. You acquire skill and speed.



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● modern Medicine, in order to help
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● and get the most out of your life!

Seven notes on keeping you and your family healthy

The venomous bee. Most of us, when we think of the honeybee, picture a busy little creature making that sweet-tasting substance, honey. We all know they can inflict a painful sting, but few of us consider them a menace to life. The findings of Dr. Henry M. Parrish of the University of Pittsburgh reveal that the honeybee is almost as murderous as the rattlesnake. In a five-year period, Dr. Parrish traced 55 deaths to rattlesnake bites and 52 to the shock reaction of people who had been stung by the honeybee.

Ear wax. If you suffer from pain in the ears, giddiness, or some degree of impaired hearing (this is felt particularly after swimming), impacted wax in the ears may be the cause. It used to be that only a trip to the doctor and a painful draining process would remove the wax. Now, however, modern science has given us a new preparation which easily removes ear wax. It is called Cerumenex and can be obtained at your drug store without a prescription. At home Cerumenex is squirted into the ears with a syringe where it loosens and dissolves the wax so that it is easily and painlessly flushed out.

Treating burns. Do you remember Grandma who used to say that the best way to treat a burn is to hold it under the cold-water spout? Later generations of medical scientists scoffed at this home remedy, calling it just another old wives' tale. Recently, however, discoveries by University of Utah researchers have now convinced them that Grandma was right. The best first aid for burns, in the light of this new research, is cold (not iced) water or a cold wet pack. For the most beneficial results, this treatment should be started within seconds or minutes.

Body counter. If an atomic explosion occurs, whether from enemy or from an industrial accident, it is of utmost importance to determine just how much atomic radiation each individual has absorbed. For a long time now, scientists have been hurriedly working to build a radiation counter, and the result of their labors has recently been presented at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland. This machine is built like an oven and the patient, placed on a hammock sling, is slid into the machine like a loaf of bread. Im-

mediately, dials register how much radioactive material the patient has absorbed.

Blood types. Medical researchers have been trying for years to prove that people with a particular blood type are more prone to certain diseases than those of another blood type. For example, Type O blood is supposed to run with a high rate of peptic ulcer. But a hardheaded, logical-minded Swiss from Geneva, Dr. Alexander Manuila, states in the American Medical Association Journal that medical men have been too hasty in making these broad statements. There may be a connection between blood type and disease, but, Dr. Manuila states, this cannot be proven by available data. Any claims made linking blood type and disease have been based on inadequate studies and inaccurate statistics.

The medicine man. Medical science is beginning to look with awe upon the weird concoctions brewed by the medicine man—simply because they work. News has finally reached the drug world of another herb-brew mixed by Kachanagofte (Big Tiger), principal chief Seminole medicine man for 25 years and the only person alive who knows the formula. It has been tested and proves to be an excellent tranquilizer. The concoction is made of at least 12 different herbs and roots. The secret recipe came down to Big Tiger through his grandfather and father, but is so complex that it took him seven years to learn to brew a proper cup. The dosage for any and all mental ills is one piping-hot cup the first day, three daily with meals for the next three days. Testing the drug on a white mouse, trained to leap onto a wooden block at the sound of a bell to escape an electric shock, scientists found that after ten minutes the mouse walked sedately to the bell, and after 30 minutes simply stayed put.

Handwriting samples. If someone is seriously ill, it is a good idea to get samples of his handwriting from time to time and save them. They may settle any question which might arise later concerning signatures on wills or other important documents. The reason for this precaution is that a sick person's handwriting can be quite different from what it was when he was in good health. It has also been found that personality changes occurring in emotional illness effect handwriting drastically.

SCIENCE EDITORIAL

Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

Here is the thrilling story of Royal Jelly...bringing new hope to countless thousands of men and women over 35...

by William Duval

Science Feature Writer
NEW YORK, N. Y.

An amazing scientific discovery, just recently made available through the combined efforts of Scientists who have, after years of testing in Medical Laboratories, developed this wonderful substance in combination with eight important and essential vitamins in an easy to take capsule form. The powers of Royal Jelly, have been tested over many years. Each year has seen new developments, new proof, as men and women from many countries of the world have begun to feel the amazing benefits of this highly beneficial Queen Bee's Food. (The price of Royal Jelly was quoted as high as \$500.00 per ounce in its initial introduction to the U.S.) Now, thanks to the tireless efforts of research scientists, a way has been found to make this wonder working miracle food of the Queen Bee available to the public in comparatively inexpensive, easy-to-take, oral capsule form.

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of increasing MEN and WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Royal Jelly...The Queen Bee's Special Food...Its Secret of Prolonged Life!

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled Scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Bordes, a French Scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the head of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading Scientists in France, Germany, Mexico, Italy, Canada and U.S. have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the secret diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 40 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larvae looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen from the flowers, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...



Leading Medical Authorities in France, England and Germany

Attest that Royal Jelly contains vital nutritional factors necessary to the health and well-being of mammals. Royal Jelly has been acclaimed as one of the richest natural sources of Vigor and Vitality.

Discoverer of Insulin Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting, the discoverer of Insulin, at the Banting Institute in Canada. Royal Jelly was found to be rich in proteins and vitamins, with a particularly high concentration of pantothenic acid, the vitamin of the important B-Complex group, that has to do with increasing the life span in animals."

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly."

"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND OF ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is continuing research on Royal Jelly..."

"Dr. T. H. McAVACK has agreed to conduct experiments in Longevity with human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Over 35 Suffering From:

Mental Depression... Loss of Appetite... Sexual Weakness... Digestive Disturbances... Headaches... Loss of Vigor... Nervousness... Vague Aches and Pains... Irritability.

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 35

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French lady writes of a woman over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality, and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable energy and Sex Factors.

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel renewed vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life?" Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Famous Doctor Praises Royal Jelly

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands". Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to cure with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

This wonder working "elixir," ROYAL JELLY, was rare and inaccessible in quantity in this country. It was not until recently that it was brought to the attention of the American People. Leading National Magazines and Newspapers featured it in a glowing report, and Feature columns, from coast to coast began to tell the important story of Royal Jelly.

Royal Jelly Safe to Use, Say Doctors

"Royal Jelly" contains LIVING NATURAL SUBSTANCES beneficial to men and women, reported Doctors attending The Second International Congress for Biogenetics. Dr. De Pomiane, 80 year old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

Scientists and Doctors have reported on Research conducted over a period of 20 years that "Royal Jelly" is perfectly safe for Humans. That "ROYAL JELLY" is an excellent Nutritional Supplement, containing Natural Vitamins in extremely high concentration which are considered to be of the greatest value to human health, energy and sexual vitality.

Royal Jelly Won Approval Before Congress of 5,000 Doctors in Karlsruhe

The General Consensus of Opinion of the Doctors who had performed research on Royal Jelly was that it was found to be an excellent tonic for the nerves, and that it provided one with an almost immediate feeling of "well-being." In some cases depression disappeared, natural vitality was restored, and a more youthful disposition was the patient's reward. Royal Jelly has been known to improve the memory, normalize sexual capacities, and help alleviate some of the ills of age. Researchers have attributed Royal Jelly's potency to vitamins and/or hormones. But the most recent opinion is that its stimulating qualities will eventually be attributed to a "NATURAL X-FACTOR," which can not be produced synthetically.

One of the finest Royal Jelly formulas available today, without prescription, is VITAREX VX FORMULA 60, which combines nineteen important and essential vitamins with the Natural Food of the Queen Bee, "ROYAL JELLY," plus pure Natural Wheat Germ Oil (Vit. E). Using just one easy-to-take VITAREX CAPSULE each day, you may yet discover, as have thousands of others, that you can FEEL GOOD AGAIN!

a complete 30 day supply of 50 MILLIGRAMS OF PURE NATURAL ROYAL JELLY VITAREX CAPSULES \$3.00 REG. \$7.50 VALUE

With 19 Essential Vitamins and Minerals



HERE ARE THE VITAL HI-POTENCY INGREDIENTS THAT HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS FEEL YOUNGER, PEPPER, MORE YOUTHFULLY ALIVE!

A MULTI-VITAMIN FORMULA fortified with BIOFLAVONOIDS - LIPOTROPES AMINO ACIDS Every VITAREX ROYAL JELLY capsule contains:

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Choline Bitartrate, 35 mg.	..	
Inositol, 15 mg.	..	
dl-Methionine, 10 mg.	..	
Glutamic Acid, 50 mg.	..	
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex, 5 mg.	..	
Vitamin A (Acetate), 12,500 USP Units	..	312%
Vitamin D, 1,000 USP Units	..	250%
Vitamin C (Ascorbic Acid), 75 mg.	..	250%
Vitamin B1 (Thiamin HCl), 5 mg.	..	500%
Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin), 2.5 mg.	..	200%
Vitamin B6 (Pyridoxine HCl), 0.5 mg.	..	100%
Vitamin E (Succinate), 2 I.U.	..	500%
Niacinamide, 50 mg.	..	500%
Calcium Pantothenate, 4 mg.	..	100%
Folic acid, 0.5 mg.	..	100%
Calcium, 65 mg.	..	8.5%
Phosphorus, 50 mg.	..	6.5%
Magnesium, 3 mg.	..	100%
Royal Jelly (A Food substance), 50 mg.	..	100%

COMPARE THIS REMARKABLE ROYAL JELLY FORMULA WITH ANY OTHER AT ANY PRICE!

Tranquility and Blessed Relief May Await The Royal Jelly User

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 35 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time:

PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY and EMOTIONALLY • "Human Dynamoes" slow down • Dizziness • Weak feeling • Vague aches and pains • Listless, "don't care attitude" • Lacks recuperating power • Fatigues easily • Fails to get rest from sleep • Sexual weakness • Loss of mental efficiency and ability • Unable to make simple decisions • Can't concentrate • Nervousness • Tense feeling • Moodiness • Lack of emotional control • Loss of interest in work • Loss of self-confidence • Feeling of futility • Worries needlessly • Fear of Future • Insecurity • Failing memory • No zest for life • Difficult to get along with • Embarrassed

Observations by Doctors of the Karlsruhe Medical Congress

- Royal Jelly gives new energy to those in a weakened state, and restores vigor, more physical strength and spiritual strength to the healthy.
- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feelings of tiredness disappear immediately on taking a minimum of Royal Jelly.
- Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.
- Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.
- Royal Jelly permits prolonged intellectual work without tiring.
- Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

See How Vitarex "VX" Capsules May Help You

Today, we are proud to be able to place this wonder NEW PRODUCT in your hands. "VITAREX" Capsules contain 10 times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and more than 1 1/2 times the requirement of Vitamin C, plus a full range of other important vitamins. We feel "VITAREX FORMULA" is truly the finest "SUPER TONIC" ever developed... it's so potent that one capsule, taken in the morning, carries you through the entire day. But we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply use these capsules, in double strength concentration, FREE. You don't buy them. You try "VITAREX" at our expense!

Take "Vitarex Formula 'VX' Capsules" Entirely on Approval!

We feel sure that "VITAREX" may be the blessing you have been seeking, that we offer it to you on a complete NO RISK, Money Back Guarantee. Take one VITAREX CAPSULE each day. Then if you are not completely satisfied here have helped you to feel younger, to enjoy sounder sleep, to have a calmer disposition, and to lead a fuller, more enjoyable life, your money will be refunded, promptly and without question. Simply return the empty bottle and your "VITAREX" CAPSULES have cost you nothing. What could be fairer? You try VITAREX at our expense, and you are the only judge of their effectiveness. You must be thrilled with the wonderful results. BUT THIS OFFER IS NECESSARILY LIMITED as the supply of Royal Jelly is, each day, in GREATER DEMAND. (ROYAL JELLY is a completely NATURAL FOOD, hence only limited quantities can be allocated to VITAREX.)

Do not delay... Get started immediately using this "MIRACLE" NATURAL FOOD that may help you feel good again... that may lead you to enjoy a new "lease on life."

DOCTORS: Write on your letterhead for Clinical Samples

NO DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

is necessary. If, for any reason, ROYAL JELLY fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense. VITAREX CO., DEPT 000, 41 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK 3, N. Y., WORLD'S LARGEST DISTRIBUTORS OF ROYAL JELLY PRODUCTS.

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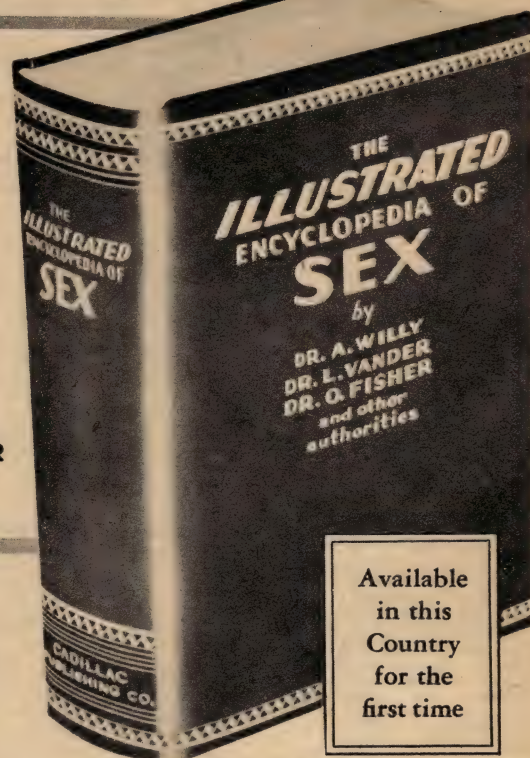
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at last...a complete, modern guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples.

Illustrated SEX FACTS

By DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER
AND OTHER AUTHORITIES

**THIS GIANT SIZE BOOK CONTAINS
HUNDREDS OF AUTHENTIC, ENLIGHTENING
ILLUSTRATIONS** — *many in life-like color.*



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Now available to the public in this country, for the first time, is this big guide to modern married sex practice. Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical artists on sexual enlightenment. See and read how you can acquire enduring, harmonious married love by means of hundreds of exclusive, authentic pictures (many in true-to-life color), plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and simply. This complete, large book includes important NEW information and illustrations never released here before. This book is a frank, straightforward presentation of facts to satisfy mature interest in the sex functions of the human male and female. Gives the most helpful authoritative guidance on sex problems of every kind—both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly understand and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new, happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for \$5.00—but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only \$2.98. This offer good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW!

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- Techniques that bring complete gratification to the sex act for male and female
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- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Husband and wife attaining mutual climax
- How male organs function in intercourse
- How female sex organs function in intercourse
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- Woman's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- Delaying sex life's finish
- Male change of life and its effect
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- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
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- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Picture Story of most important cause of impotence
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A black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing a dark one-piece swimsuit and a light-colored cardigan. She is posing in a field, looking over her shoulder at the camera. A wooden fence is visible in the background. The title 'Round-up Time Out West' is overlaid on the image in a stylized, blocky font.

Round-up Time Out West

TURN PAGE ►

Special features of the ranch were the roping and branding parties. And to the winners went all the spoils of battle.



Sara O'Malley's Gun-Governed NUDE RANCH

by LES HOLLADAY Illustrated by BOB CORREA

**The untamed men of
the old west found what
they wanted at the
roughest resort ever run
on American soil!**

IT WAS the damndest-looking corral in the entire West. The wooden fence that encircled it was carefully padded. The corral itself was floored with a luxuriant growth of green grass.

No mustangs or steers ever stepped inside that padded fence. Not on your life—or, rather not on Sara O'Malley's life—they didn't. The corral was one of the many attractions at Sara's exotic ranch—and she wasn't having any four-legged critters mess up a layout that had been built for the rip-roaring pleasure of her two-fisted guests.

On a typical day, a dozen or more drunken, yelling men would be milling around inside the corral, each of them swinging—or trying to swing—a silk lasso. Dodging their throws, squealing and shrieking with laughter and feigned alarm, an equal number of young women—all clothed as the day they were born—dashed back and forth across the grass.

(Continued on page 67)



SEX STIMULANTS

.....Why they'll never be wiped out

by **TIMON J. RIFFLER**

Specially posed by professional model

THE ALL-NIGHT DINER was quiet and almost empty as the man with the dark stubble on his chin slipped onto a stool. Next to him was a well dressed, grey-haired motorist, who had stopped for coffee on his way home.

"Hiya, Pop," the newcomer said cheerfully, wiping his greasy hands on his already filthy shirt.

"Good evening," the coffee drinker muttered, edging away from the rough-looking, hobo-like character.

The hobo looked at his neighbor, taking in his expensive clothes and well-kept hands and the greying hair with a few long strands carefully combed over a bald spot. "How are you, Pop?" the man asked brazenly. "Feeling pretty spry these days?"

"I'm perfectly well, thank you," the well-dressed man replied nervously.

"That's not what I mean." The hobo nodded in the direction of one of the booths under the windows, where a luscious young girl was giggling at her date. "Think you could take care of that, for instance?"

The face of the older man went red. "I don't know what you're talking about," he grunted.

"Sure, sure. I understand," the hobo continued cheerfully. "All the same, I'll bet there've been plenty of times you wished there was something you could take to make you feel—and act—fifteen years younger. Haven't you? Maybe you've got a wife? A girl friend? What's it matter? You're human. You're got feelings."

The well-dressed man was getting redder and redder. He was beginning to sweat, too. "I'll tell the manager you're annoying me. He'll call a cop," he whispered.

"Don't be silly," the hobo said, still cheerful and calm. "I'm trying to do you a favor, pal, don't you get it? Because there is stuff like that—stuff that'll make you feel ten, fifteen years younger. And I've got it. I've got it right here in my pocket. You can have it—a big supply of it—for just a ten-dollar bill. How about it?"

"I'm not interested. Go away," the traveler murmured, his voice hoarse with anger and embarrassment.

"I'll be waiting outside by your car. Think it over," the hobo replied with a wink of his eye.





Improve your sex life!

Increase your virility!

Con-men know the power
of these catchwords.

Because any man will
pay any price to make
those dreams come true!

**When the spectre of failure
threatens a man, he will
go to any lengths to
regain virility.**



The elderly man *did* think it over. When he went out to his car, after paying his check, there was a ten-dollar bill cupped in his palm. His hand trembled as he took the bottle the hobo slipped him in exchange—but he held onto it. As he drove on his way that night, he felt little devilish flames of excitement—of hope and anticipation running through his blood at the thought of what that bottle might do for him.

ACTUALLY, the liquid in the bottle probably would do nothing at all. As a sex stimulant it probably wasn't worth the cost of the glass that held it. Or it might even be dangerous. It might kill him. Yet the elderly man had cheerfully paid out \$10 for a bottle of stuff he didn't know anything about, from a hobo he feared and distrusted, in a transaction that he knew in his heart was completely foolish.

Why? Why are such episodes repeated time and again, in spots all over the country—if not in just the same way as the hobo worked it—then with routines very much like his? Why do dozens and dozens of teasing, wheedling, promising ads run in the back pages of certain magazines month after month—and why do they draw an endless stream of answers, thousands on thousands of envelopes pouring through the mails, every one containing real money, from men and women both?

The incident related above occurred in a diner just outside Detroit, Michigan. But it might as well have

happened in San Francisco, or Miami, or New Hampshire — anywhere in the world, for that matter. It took place recently, but the same desperate hope that separated the elderly motorist from \$10 was stirring in the hearts of men a hundred years ago as well as today—and a thousand years ago. And five thousand.

Men have always looked for the Fountain of Youth—which means to most of them a magic formula for renewing and restoring virility. They always will go on looking for it, no matter how much the idea is laughed at and debunked by scientists who call it just a superstition. The question is—why?

"The answer is simple enough," an eminent psychologist remarked recently. "The basic sex urge is the one impulse—along with hunger for food—that cannot be entirely extinguished in a man, unless he is completely senile. Or dead. That's because, just as the hunger for food is a response to the basic law of self-preservation, the sex hunger is an expression of a law equally as powerful—the law of racial preservation."

The answer was even better stated, perhaps, by a friend of the author, a wrinkled and bent man of 75 who tottered across a room to a window to get a better look at a shapely young woman passing by on the street outside.

"Hey, aren't you a bit too old for that?" he was asked.

He cackled a cheerful reply. "While there's life, there's hope, son!"

But the frantic urge of mankind to

find sex stimulants or aphrodisiacs, a hunger which has flourished through the ages, is by no means a joke. The sex drive is a vital part of man's existence, ranking with self-preservation as the most basic urge.

Fading virility, lessening potency, is one of the top tragedies of man's life. No man will ever accept it with equanimity.

And yet, age creeps up on everyone. As the years pass, like it or not, sex life diminishes.

At such a point, men are most open to quack remedies and confidence schemes. They will accept any suggestion, take any concoction that they feel will put off the evil day of impotency. Statements that they would have laughed at in their younger days, claims that they would have rejected out of hand in their more rational moments, are accepted at face value.

Are these men really that silly? No. But they feel they have nothing to lose. Suppose the potions don't work? What's the difference? And there's always a possibility, no matter how slim, that they will. And that one chance in a thousand, that grasping at the bubble in the Fountain of Youth, is more than enough to spur them on.

Every con-man knows this. And acting on it, he knows that there is always a fortune to be made by selling aphrodisiacs. These may range from nothing more than colored water, all the way to real poisons. For history is full of examples—foods, drugs, liquids, herbs and charms, which fakers will guarantee to produce passion.

It would be difficult to list all of the potables and edibles which have been regarded as love philters or sex stimulants at one time or another. Virtually every food and drink swallowed by human beings has been so regarded—and often horrible and disgusting materials which no person in his right mind would even consider touching, let alone eating.

It is true, for example, that each time a new food was introduced into society it was championed as a powerful sex stimulant. This happened even to the humble potato—hard as it may be for us to believe today. It also happened to tomatoes, which in their early history in Western civilization were known as "love apples," due to their alleged power to boost failing sexual prowess. Tobacco, brought to England from the American wilderness by Sir Walter Raleigh, was reputed to have special value. So was every spice that found its way from the exotic Orient to Europe in the days of Columbus.

In fact, spices—whether taken as medicines or as part of elaborate special dishes—are still considered to have aphrodisiac powers. These powers have been attributed to every kind of spice known to man.

Fish, particularly, shellfish, oysters, and the like, also enjoy the reputation of being stimulants. Says one au-

thority, "Shad acts strongly on the nervous system and encourages in both sexes the instinct of love and passion."

TO PROVE HIS POINT, the author of the statement tells this story:

The Sultan Saladin of ancient Egypt, deciding to put to the test the holiness of two monks who were sworn to chastity, fed them choice meats of all kinds, allowing them to luxuriate in the delicious foods to their heart's content. This continued until the lean bodies they had brought with them from their austere desert caves were stout and rounded. Then the Sultan gave the monks as companions "two odalisques of overwhelming beauty."

Despite the unholy allure of the gorgeous harem girls, the monks remained true to their vows.

Then the Sultan decided on another experiment. He fed the two monks for several weeks on fish alone—nothing but fish. And again the two lovely houris in the flimsy, teasing costumes of the harem were offered to the holy men as willing companions. This time the monks succumbed. What's more, the story says, the passion which they demonstrated once they had given up their celibacy "astonished" even the worldly-wise Sultan.

Brillat-Savarin, the famous French master of fancy cookery, swore by that curious fungus, the truffle. "It is believed it increases a power whose exercise," he said, "is accompanied by the sweetest of pleasures"—meaning the pleasures of lovemaking, of course.

Wines, especially when mixed with spices, are also considered in some quarters to add to the delights of a romantic evening. So are other kinds of drinks, including even perfumes, such as those made from musk, the powerful ingredient derived from the glands of certain cattle. Strong alcoholic drinks, while they have been known to stimulate sexual desire, are not regarded as genuine sex stimulants.

"While alcohol very readily relaxes inhibitions, thereby making a timid soul into an adventurer, a shy wallflower into a Casanova," a student of these matters has observed, "it does not in any way add to powers which are not already there. In fact, its use may impede performance. Thus, it cannot be called a true aphrodisiac."

However, the powerful French liqueur called absinthe is one drink which has gained a reputation for itself in more ways than one. It is not a grain liquor, but derived from herbs, and flavored with wormwood and anise so it is quite possible that it contains elements similar to those which have caused certain spices, drugs, and vegetables to be considered a priceless gift to elderly men. Whatever the facts, absinthe has a way of fastening a powerful hold on its users, often making them addicts. For that reason it has been banned

from import and sale not only in the United States but also in France and Switzerland.

Every time that some food has won endorsement as a sexual "pick-up," it is not surprising to find that women have taken to the kitchen to prepare dishes containing them. Cleopatra, radiantly beautiful as she was, found it prudent to prepare special dishes for Mark Anthony to maintain and increase her hold over him.

Catherine de Medici of Italy, when she traveled to France in search of the pleasures of a new love, introduced to Paris in the Renaissance an almond cake called Frangipane. It had been invented by an Italian Prince, and was said to do wonders for men who were losing their stamina as a result of the debauchery that was widespread among the upper classes of society at that time.

In his old age, Louis the XIVth of France had his longtime mistress, Madame de Maintenon (whom later he married secretly) to thank for mixing him a cordial made of distilled spirits, sugar, orange water and an unknown perfume. According to legend, this drink made the Grand Monarch throw off his years and the effects of many previous nights of pleasure.

The next Louis, Louis the XVth also had clever and skillful mistresses—more than one. The lovely Madame de Pompadour, when she reigned at the Palace of Versailles, invented a fish dish, consisting of filet of sole embellished with a secret formula of spices, which was credited with keeping the king "in condition" for many years.

Pompadour's successor, Madame du Barry, was even better at the game. "Du Barry, most expert in the art of libertinage," writes one historian, "secured complete dominance over the mind of Louis the XVth. Through her knowledge of the pleasures of love, she kept her royal lover plunged into a state of intoxication bordering on depravity." Du Barry had been educated in a convent, then in the home of a famous dressmaker, then as the "companion" of a well-known procuress of Paris. From this last teacher she learned "the mysterious secrets of certain culinary recipes whose effects, it is said, helped to sharpen the frantic sensualism of the monarch."

But the stimulants, which are advertised today, and sold both openly and secretly in such big cities as New York, Chicago and Detroit are not mere foods . . . nor perfumes . . . nor fish eggs. What are they then? And how effective are they? Also—are they dangerous?

Modern science has devoted much patient research to finding a safe sexual stimulant. Synthetic male and female hormones, of course, often energize those who take them. But it should be pointed out very clearly indeed that, using them without proper medical supervision, can result in cancer. In fact, many cancers

are checked by the administration of hormones of the opposite sex—female for men and male for women.

One of the more recent developments is the making of artificial hormones from the common plant, the goldenrod. Formerly most of the glandular products came from slaughtered animals and their cost to the patient was relatively high. Now, by a tricky synthesis of elements found in the cheap and abundant goldenrod, substances are produced which are more in keeping with the average pocketbook.

Drugs and herbs do exist, which according to some of their users, will produce renewed physical powers. Cantharides, popularly known as "Spanish Fly" is one. Phosphorus and strychnine are others. But all of them, it should be emphasized, can be extremely dangerous. Their use can produce permanent injury, and even death. So let the buyer beware!

It would be pleasant to say that there was a chance, even one chance in a million of wiping out the trade in sex stimulants. But even that minute possibility is beyond the range of possibility.

Men will risk anything to maintain or regain, their sex powers. There are thousands of cases of men with serious heart ailments who risk their lives regularly to enjoy sex. There are millions of men who will break down the doors of every new quack who advertises a new restorative. There are hundreds of millions of men who resort to hypnotists, magicians and seers, in an effort to recapture lost youth.

It can safely be said that every man in the world is a potential customer. And that goes just as much for the police who must enforce our laws as for the helpless suckers who are bait for the extortionists. No one is immune.

With everyone over the age of 50 ready and anxious to buy, with modern medicine insuring that there will be more and more men living longer lives, how is it possible to call a halt to this practice? It is safe to say that no community, anywhere, at any time in history has ever succeeded in controlling any problem dealing with sex. No laws, no punishments have wiped out sex crimes—prostitution—perversion. No laws—no punishments can halt the sale of aphrodisiacs, either.

That doesn't mean we shouldn't try. Crooks and con-men must be hunted down. Preying on the forlorn instincts of humanity is a terrible crime.

But we must also be prepared. For we must recognize that as fast as one group is caught and taken out of circulation, a new group will appear.

Demand insures supply. Only the discovery of a real, workable, cheap, all-purpose and legal aphrodisiac will ultimately answer the problem.

And that's a problem for tomorrow—a far tomorrow, I'm afraid. • • •

The game that was

OF ALL THE FIGHTS ever staged in this country between wild and domesticated animals, those fought between badgers and dogs in Wisconsin at the turn of the century were among the most savage. At times, such events were held by clubs or sporting groups to celebrate special occasions. But more often, they were sponsored by tavern owners, who used the contests to lure paying crowds into their places of business. Bloodletting has always been a major attraction to audiences—and since badger fights produced pools of that red, gleaming stuff, crowds at the contests seldom were disappointing.

Badgers for the bouts were procured either by professional trappers, or by the promoters themselves. Because the badger is a nocturnal creature, once a den was located, a daylight raid usually found the animal at home. Then, digging or smoking-out produced a catch.

Badgers were judged (Continued on page 64)

too

brutal

to

last!

By **TOM APPEL**

Illustrated by **FRANK LIJEGREN**





**In a lightning stroke, the
badger slashed the dog's
underside to ribbons! Blood
spurted—and the crowd howled!**

**Like a bristling whirlwind of death, the
savage animal charged in,
razor claws and bone-crushing teeth leaving
a gory trail of blood and mutilation!**





The feel of new-mown hay
around her feet, reminds
Nikki of her childhood
days, back on the farm.

Pleasant Peasant

Presenting Nikki Nicolotte,

a real life farmer's daughter

with a cute French accent

and a set of Gallic curves

that measure a full 35-23-35!



Pleasant Peasant

(continued)

THE CROPS are good in France. And one of the finest things they ever raised in that fine land, was Nikki Nicolette. It didn't take long for Nikki to find her obvious niche in the world. Almost from the day she first went to Paris, she won acclaim as a model of the finest mold. And now, since she arrived in the good old U.S.A., she's busily proving that she's also a delightful decoration to the American scene. So here's to Nikki! Vive la France!



There are advantages in suburban living. ▲

◀ Nikki knows it's cooler, high up in a tree.



▲ Her agricultural heritage has taught her to love fresh air and sunshine.

All through the bloody winter, the war raged. On one side were the



RED MAN VS.

terrible, unconquerable Vikings; on the other the savage Delawares.



By **ALLAN J. DICKINGER**

Illustrated by **JACK SCHOENHERR**

THE ARROW CAUGHT Einar right in the center of his chest, spinning the burly blond-bearded fighting man back against a boulder. He grunted in pain as he slowly collapsed into the snow. A trickle of blood oozed from one corner of his mouth, the red staining the otherwise unbroken blanket of whiteness that covered the land. The dying Viking twitched spasmodically, stiffened and then lay motionless. Back in the safety of the nearby forest, the bowman who'd cut him down, yowled out his gory triumph.

"The Screamers!" Thors muttered grimly as he heard the horrible, haunting howl echo through the woods.

The other Vikings nodded angrily. They showed no fear. They were the toughest fighting men in all the world. With bow and battle axe, they'd invaded England, Ireland, and a dozen countries on the Continent. They'd come ashore from their fantastic curved ships to shatter local armies and found Norse colonies, and no soldiers, anywhere, had ever out-fought them.

None in Europe, anyway. But now the Vikings were fighting for their lives in a different world. Three shiploads of men had been left behind on the North American continent by Leif Ericson to hold the land, while he returned to Greenland for more soldiers, colonists and supplies.

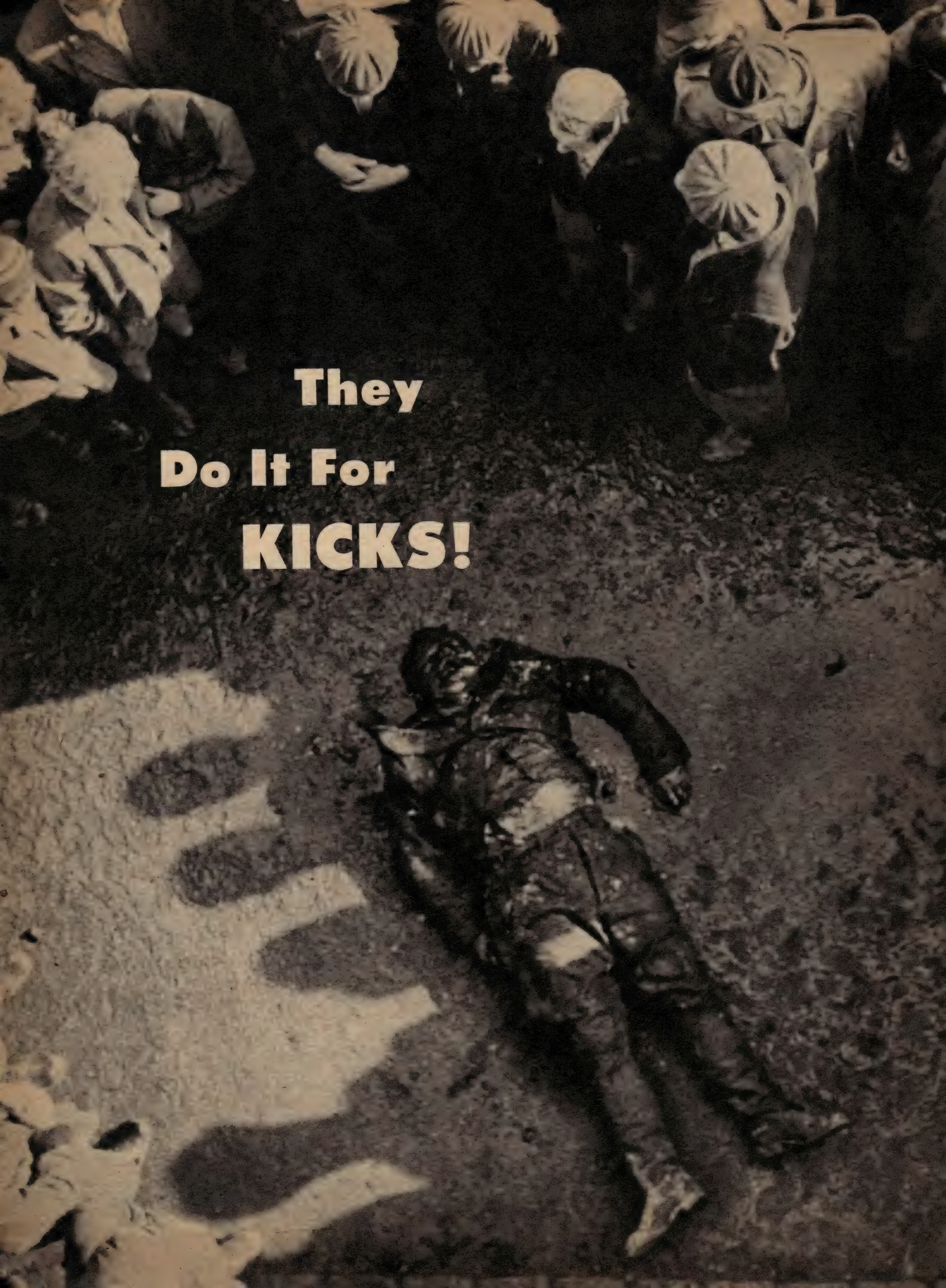
Five centuries before Columbus, this resolute band of 140 hard-bitten fighting men defended the first European colony in the New World. They were well armed, had collected plenty of food, and had dug themselves in comfortably, making use of warm sod and timber to build houses for the Winter.

But to survive they had to hold off the "Screamers."

The Screamers were deadly bowmen, and within the first month after Leif had left they'd shot down eleven Vikings. The Screamers were savage knife-fighters, as well, slashing and stabbing their enemies with fatal skill. *(Continued on page 58)*

In the contest between axe and tomahawk, the Vikings fought with desperation. They needed victory—needed food. But even more, they wanted women.

WHITE MAN

A high-angle, black and white photograph showing a person lying on their back on a dark, textured surface, possibly a street or ground. The person is wearing a dark jacket and light-colored pants. To the left of the person, there are several white, rectangular objects, possibly papers or small bags, scattered on the ground. In the upper half of the image, a crowd of people is gathered, looking down at the person on the ground. The people are wearing various types of hats and coats, suggesting a cold environment. The overall tone is somber and dramatic.

**They
Do It For
KICKS!**



by **ARTHUR W. DOWLING**

FRANCES F. was a petite little blonde. Not a day over thirteen. In a few years she'd be some dish. Right then anyone but a moron could see she was jail-bait. But young as she was, the kid had more sense than a lot of older women around town. That's why she and her twelve-year-old girl friend, Jackie, wound up in the police station instead of the morgue.

It seems the two teen-agers had been stopped on the way home from school by a thirty-five-year-old man in a black convertible. First he asked them if they wanted a ride home. When the two kids refused and ducked into a candy store to get rid of him, he followed them. Inside, he insisted they come with him. He said he was a detective. He accused the girls of being members of a juvenile gang and said they were wanted for questioning at "Headquarters." When the two frightened kids denied their knowledge of any rumble he shrugged and said he had his orders. He flashed a badge and showed them his shoulder holster. Frannie smelled a rat.

"If you're a cop—" the bright teen-ager asked, "let's see your identification." The so-called detective answered he'd do better than that. He'd call the police station and have them send a wagon. He said he'd give them two minutes to come with him or he'd take every person loitering in the candy store in for questioning.

The odd thing is this. In spite of the fact that no policeman would act in such a high-handed manner the only person who remained suspicious was a thirteen-year-old girl. The other people in the store, the proprietor and three adult customers, as well as a handful of teen-agers, all insisted the two young girls go off with this wild-eyed stranger, "to avoid trouble."

Outside on the sidewalk was a police call box. Frannie challenged the man to use it. With a large crowd watching, the pretended detective picked up the phone and started issuing orders. The one-sided conversation confused hell out of the real cop at the other end, but it did convince everyone in front of the candy store that the man was a genuine police officer. Even Frannie and her girl friend were about to get in the man's car for a ride to God-knows where, when a beat cop came around the corner and Frannie called him into the act.

Thomas R., the bogus policeman, was no stranger to the police blotter. The police had brought him in several months before, after catching him in another weird impersonation. He'd been telephoning wives, whose husbands were away at work, posing as the husband's doctor. He'd tell the wife that he had to see her in order to iron out a sexual problem in her husband's life.

The frightened wife would invite the "doctor" over for an interview. During the course of the conversation he'd go into great detail as to just how the couple carried on their marital relations, advising the wife that prudery was dead and that sometimes perversion was more satisfactory than normalcy. Oddly enough, almost none of the women had common sense to phone their husbands and check to see if the

(Continued on page 54)

When does a bomb explode?

When does a harmless

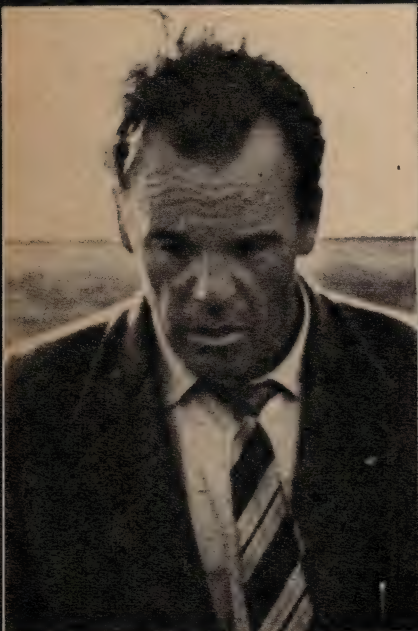
crank become a killer?

Don't shrug your shoulders.

That could be you, lying

there, the victim of a

madman's bestial lust!



Back at his Sion airport base, Geiger shows total exhaustion.

Hermann Geiger, an intrepid Swiss flyer, challenges snow, ice and huge Alpine cliffs, to save those who have been trapped beyond the reach of regular rescue organizations!

UNSUNG HERO



1 At scene of accident, a guide places signal flag.



2 Geiger, ever watchful, spots signs of disaster.



3 The climbers laboriously haul injured men to landing ground.

HERMANN GEIGER, pilot-instructor of Sion, in the Swiss Valais, has undertaken one of the most arduous jobs on the face of the globe. Daily, he pilots his ski-equipped Piper Cub through the treacherous peaks of the Swiss-Italian borderland, in an unending effort to locate and rescue climbers who are in trouble. Snow, ice, sheer cliffs of primitive rock — to say nothing of treacherous air currents that can easily suck the tiny plane to

Searching for victims in the rugged Alpine terrain, Geiger flies within inches of ground.

OF THE ALPS



4 Rescue plane searches hard, to find a flat stretch, suitable for putting down.



5 Climber carefully guides Geiger in along flat stretch of glacial snow.



6 Injured men, eyes carefully bandaged to prevent snow-blindness, are tenderly carried to the waiting plane as Geiger watches. Men will be in hospital within two hours.

**Rescues are carried out where
they happen, often on glacial
ledges that hang precariously
on rocky slopes, overlooking
vast, winding mountain gorges!**

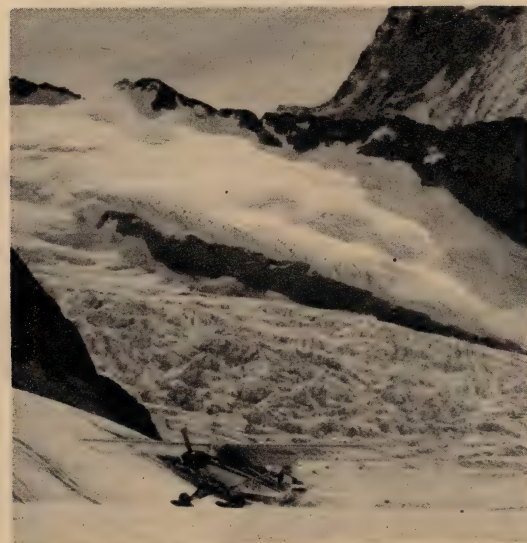
disaster — he regards as mere bothersome details. One of the world's most skillful flyers, he was the first man to carry out these daring missions on a regular basis, initiating his service in May, 1952. Since that time he has rescued more than 150 stranded and injured climbers, earning himself the title of "Flying St. Bernard." Geiger, by the way, is the unofficial holder of the record for the world's highest landing, a feat accomplished by putting his plane down near the top of the Dufourspitze spur of 15,217-foot Monte Rosa during one of his rescue missions. In the accompanying photographs, Geiger's rescue technique is graphically shown. Here is a *real* flyer!



7 One man was killed in a fall. He is wrapped in canvas for return to Sion. Rest of the party will climb down.



8 Fully loaded, plane turns, to begin the tricky mountain take-off maneuver.



9 On the final run, the plane takes off against background of mountain cliffs.

10 Airborne, plane is immediately faced with dodging through huge, rocky walls.



BURLY MEN in civilian clothes were quitting Police Station 2 in Court Square, Boston. As they walked out the door they were lugging boots and raincoats and boxes and bags of personal belongings. Under their arms were parts of police uniforms and grey police helmets from which the badges of authority had been removed. They passed through a crowd of men, women and children who alternately jeered or patted them on the back and wished, "Good luck." It was 5:45 on the afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1919. The historic Boston police strike had begun.

Many of the departing cops stopped to talk

to a tall man in an ill-fitting suit and derby hat who was watching from the curb. He was John F. McInnis and until the day before had been a patrolman assigned to this same station. He also was president of the Boston Police Union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Because of his union activities he had been suspended from the force along with 18 others.

McInnis knew the scene he was watching was being enacted at 18 other police precincts across the city as 1132 cops quit their posts in protest against the suspensions. By nightfall only 472 (Continued on page 51)

Boston's 48 Hours of

by ED QUARRINGTON



On September 9, 1919, the police union called a strike. As the men in blue walked off their beats, every criminal in town broke loose in a wild orgy of rapine and murder!

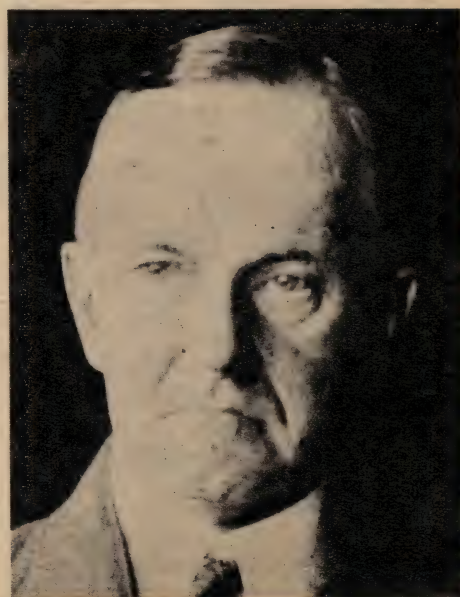
TERROR!



Above—National Guardsman patrols a barbed-wire beat. Right—John F. McInnis, leader of Police Union.



The crime wave was finally broken in an epic National Guard round-up.



Governor Calvin Coolidge's firm stand made him nationally famous.



In one mansion, the depravity
of ancient Rome was relived in
masquerade style—even as the
red-brown army swarmed closer!



With the future holding the spectre
of certain death, they sought their last
refuge in unrestrained depravity!

I WITNESSED HOLLYWOOD'S LAST ORGY!

By DONALD RITCHNER

Illustrated by TONY FARRINATO

THE SPRAWLING West Coast metropolis of Los Angeles was not only doomed—it was already dead!

The terrible scourge that had gutted the city continued to flow through its streets, like so many red-brown rivers of death. And now, some of those hideous, slow-moving streams were even beginning to ooze into the hills, toward the hiding places of the survivors.

The three of us in the airtight bunker high in the Hollywood Hills had been watching the awesome drama for several fearful days and nights, knowing

that we were the only ones who had the slightest chance of ever leaving the region alive!

It was even more terrible for me—for I knew that my wife, Edna, and infant son were down there, somewhere in the awful maelstrom of slaughter. The knowledge that I could do nothing to save them froze my entire being, made my every moment a living hell.

Neither they nor any of the other doomed millions could escape. By Presidential order, a *cordon sanitaire* had been established from San Luis Obispo in the north to San Diego in the south,

reaching all the way to the Arizona and Nevada borders. The area was sealed off from the world.

Virtually the entire United States Army and Air Force, augmented by hastily-organized National Guard units, guarded the boundaries of this gigantic "condemned area." The troops and airmen—and the sailors aboard the vessels patrolling the coast—had received their grim orders.

"You will kill anyone who makes an attempt to leave the restricted zone," was the inflexible command. "You will shoot to kill without hesitation. Nothing—and no one—is to be allowed out!"

Los Angeles and its environs—representing a total population of more than 6,000,000—had been abandoned. The decision to force these people to face certain, agonizing death had come from the President himself. He'd acted on the urgent recommendations of his military and scientific advisers—who unanimously declared the step imperative if the rest of the country was to be saved.

George Barrett, Frank Walker and I had been the last human beings allowed to enter L.A. We'd come in by helicopter—also on Presidential orders. Our job was to occupy an old World War II air raid defense command bunker, near the crest of the highest among the hills overlooking L.A. From there, we were to observe what was happening and report hourly to the Chief Executive's emergency staff by radio.

Our equipment included a powerful transmitter, telescopes, food and water. We also brought guns—with which to shoot down any of the terrified people who might try to seek refuge in the bunker.

"You will show no mercy!" we were told. "It's the only way the remainder of the nation will stand any chance of surviving."

George Barrett was one of the nation's leading entomologists. Frank Walker was a top-flight chemist and an expert on insecticides. I held no scientific degrees—but had spent many years in Africa. I was one of the few Americans who possessed much firsthand, personal knowledge about the hellish creatures which were murdering an entire city—the deadly African soldier ants!

I HAD ACCEPTED the assignment—not because I was brave, or believed there was very much I could do, but mainly because my wife and 2-year-old son were inside the city.

Edna had taken the youngster to Los Angeles to visit her parents. She and the boy were trapped there—and I hoped against hope that somehow, by some miracle, I would be able to save them.

Now, however, I knew that there was no hope—no hope at all. They were either dead already—or they would soon die, horribly and in hellish agony!

I could do nothing. I could only remain with the others in the bunker

and watch the flood, horror-stricken.

Moving through Los Angeles streets, branching into the suburbs and up into the hills were solid, endless streams of ants. Ants by the countless billions and trillions, marching forward inexorably in their incredible, ordered ranks. They were soldier ants washing like fiery seas over any living thing, killing and devouring it in seconds!

They were even more vicious than the species I had known in Africa. There, I'd many times seen an army of the voracious insects swarm over a large animal—a cow or even a lion—and move on five minutes later, leaving behind only a white skeleton. Here, they roiled over a human body—without interrupting their marching-pace—and left behind only bones in less than a single minute!

And, where the ant-armies I'd seen were made up of millions of soldier-ants, these ravaging formations were ten—a hundred—a thousand times larger!

The hellish invasion had begun some weeks before—on August 28th. The first report—from a motorist who claimed he saw "a flood of ants pouring across the highway near Indio"—was shrugged off as ridiculous by State Police. Then, with amazing suddenness, other reports came in from widely separated points.

Within two hours, the State of California knew that something incredible—and horrible—was taking place.

The great seas of ants—marching in columns 500 yards wide—attacked every living thing that crossed their path—children playing, pedestrians walking, farm and domestic animals.

The insects attacked by swarming over their victim's legs. Their fantastically powerful and sharp jaws punched into flesh and injected a burning poison that paralyzed the victim after enough of the ants had bitten. It did no good to try and brush or beat them off. There were a thousand to take the place of each one the shrieking, pain-crazed victim killed.

Within seconds, the victim was blanketed with the hideous creatures. The rest was over quickly—and the ants resumed their march, leaving nothing but a polished skeleton.

They followed the same disciplined—and intelligent—tactics that have made them the most dreaded of all living creatures in many parts of Africa. By the end of the first day, the death toll stood at more than 1,000!

PANIC SET in. It became obvious that some inexplicable freak of Nature had literally conjured unnumbered billions of soldier ants out of the deserts and foothills lying to the north and east of Los Angeles.

On the second day, University of California scientists obtained several of the ants and made an immediate study of them. The biologists and entomologists made an awful discovery.



In the mansions along the

"Although almost identical to the African soldier-ants, these insects are different in one vitally important respect," they announced. "Their reproductive cycle is only four hours—only a tiny fraction of the time needed for reproduction by the African variety. The female of this new species lays nearly 500 eggs every four hours—and nearly 80 percent of those eggs will hatch and produce young ants within 45 minutes after they are laid!"

The implications were staggering. Headlines screamed the terrifying report to a world which found it almost impossible to comprehend the mathematical calculations, much less believe that the "invasion" was real.

Their legions growing with each passing hour, the voracious insect armies poured into towns and suburban communities. People took refuge in the upper stories of their houses, or tried to block doors and windows. It was useless. With the almost human reasoning ability for which their African counterparts are famous, the ants sought out and found the slits and openings through which they could move.

Entire families were engulfed by the seething red-brown masses! Motorists turned a corner—and found their automobiles rolling through an ocean of ants. The creatures were crushed under the tires, but there were always those which managed to avoid destruction. These soon sheathed the sides of the car and crawled through drain-holes in the car's body or the openings around the steering column and control pedals.

The driver and his passengers were doomed. They could, perhaps, kill the first few dozens of ants—but then the car was filled with them. If they tried to get out and run, they stepped into tens of thousands of the hideous things and died, writhing in agony before they'd gone ten feet!

Caught completely unprepared, government authorities were unable to bring concerted efforts to bear until it was too late. Within the first two days, entire communities were soon peopled only by the bleached skeletons of the dead. The death toll increased at a rate almost as great as that at which the ants increased in numbers!

Hundreds of insect-extermination experts were rushed to the stricken



slope, the depraved held their last abandoned orgies.

area. Entire squadrons of crop-dusting aircraft, their tanks filled with ant-poisons, flew over the seas of ants.

"The sprays and poisons are useless!" was the next tragedy to be reported. "The insects are resistant to all known chemical poisons!"

As stories of the human slaughter in Southern California—15,000 dead, 50,000, 85,000—reached the outside world, the Federal Government ordered a state of emergency declared there. Highway traffic and most commerce ceased. Schools, theaters—all public places were ordered closed.

Southern California was completely isolated. At first, plans were made to effect an evacuation of the populace by land, sea and air. Then entomologists determined that the microscopic ant eggs could be picked up and carried short distances by even a light wind.

"Every Southern California resident we evacuate is a potential threat to the rest of the country," they declared. "The evacuees could bring ants and ant-eggs with them in their luggage and even in their clothing. With the reproduction rate of these insects to consider, we must realize that even a few hundred soldier ants would contaminate other cities—which would soon be at the mercy of the ants!"

IT WAS THEN THAT the President ordered all of California lying south of San Luis Obispo sealed off. On that day, the estimated human death toll in Southern California stood at 175,000!

"We must sacrifice the 6,000,000 people in the region to save 160,000,000 other Americans—and perhaps the entire world," government communiques stated grimly. "The residents of Southern California must be used as decoys to keep the ant armies localized, until we can devise some way of wiping them out!"

The armed forces were placed on a war footing. Men, planes and ships sped to the area and began the "seal-off." With the advance elements of the insect hordes already in the outskirts of Los Angeles, thousands of the city's residents tried to book passage on airliners or ships. Although all planes in the region had been ordered grounded, several crews—eager to seek safety for themselves—loaded their planes with passengers

and took off. At once the radio spoke:

"*Shoot them down—inside the restricted boundaries!*" was the order given to jet-fighter pilots patrolling the skies.

Machine gun bullets and air-to-air rockets sent the giant transports plummeting to earth in flames. Destroyers and submarines shelled and machine-gunned the boats that put out from coastal towns. At least 100,000 people died in such incidents . . .

In the nation's laboratories, entomologists and chemists labored around the clock to discover some compound that would kill the insects.

On September 6, George Barrett, Frank Walker and I were summoned to a conference in Washington. We were ordered to fly into Los Angeles—using a large Air Force transport helicopter.

"There's an old air-raid defense bunker on the side of Mount Hollywood," a grizzled general told us. "It was built during World War II and was designed to be hermetically sealed in case of gas attack. The bunker has air filtration, telephones and living accommodations. You'll take up observation positions there—and report to us by radio every hour. Even the tiniest bit of information may supply the missing piece of data our scientists need . . ."

"I'll go," I said, "but I'd like to know what would happen if I refused . . ."

"You'd be shot!" the general said evenly, turning to the President, who sat in a nearby chair, for confirmation. The Chief Executive nodded . . .

That same day, we flew to San Francisco in a jet bomber. There, at Hamilton Field, our fully loaded 'copter was waiting.

"We'll come in after you whenever Washington gives the order," the pilot said after we'd landed on the mountain top and unloaded. "Good luck!"

LOS ANGELES, we found, was fighting back. Ditches had been dug. These were filled with gasoline—and lighted whenever a formation of ants reached them. The strategy paid off here and there—for a time. The flames baffled the ants, roasting them by the millions.

But it didn't work for long. Gas was burned at a tremendous rate.

Supplies dwindled rapidly, and eventually vanished. The ants resumed their hellish march.

We maintained contact with various parts of the city by phone. The phones were still working, although it was only a matter of time before lack of repair and maintenance would knock out all communications.

People fled to the hills. Hundreds of thousands tried to get away through the San Fernando Valley, but their way was blocked by ant-armies converging from the north.

Surrounded by hordes of ants moving in solid sheets now as much as 1,500 yards wide and two miles long, Los Angeles was condemned to die a torturous death.

Human beings reacted as human beings always will in times of catastrophe . . .

Multitudes jammed the churches. Others remained in their homes with their families, waiting for the inevitable. There were hundreds of suicides daily—looting and rape were commonplaces.

In the elaborate mansions that lined the slopes below our bunker, the rich and depraved darlings of Hollywood held their last, abandoned orgies.

Like the Medieval Italian nobles who fled the plague in Edgar Allan Poe's story, the "Masque of the Red Death," they were determined to spend their last days in sodden excesses of drug and drink.

We focused our powerful 'scopes on several of these houses.

Nude, drunken men and women flung themselves into mass sex orgies that defy description! Abandoning themselves completely to the most depraved practices, their faces were masks of shrieking pleasure.

Human bodies sprawled in heaps. Men and women threw the last shreds of morality and restraint to the winds.

We stared at the debauched tableau in horrified fascination—unable to tear our eyes away from the scenes in which human beings turned themselves into lust-lashed animals!

"I—I want to look away, but I can't," Barrett groaned. "It's like watching the end of the world—"

It was. Just that.

Our telescopes brought everything into sharp focus. Young women—little more than girls, some of them—clawed and grasped at men and at other women. Their faces were mirrors of rotting lubricity.

The maddened participants in the Saturnalia were blind to all but their own warped physical pleasure. They had resigned themselves to the inevitable—and met it even while they plunged ever deeper into their Satanic delights . . .

"Look! Good Lord!" I shouted.

The ants had reached the first of the mansions. They swept toward it in two columns. Within minutes, the brown-red tide had surrounded the house.

(Continued on page 77)

WHAT DOES A MAN THINK

ABOUT WHEN DEATH IS ONLY

MINUTES AWAY? HE FIGHTS,

HE HOPES . . . AND HE PRAYS

I KNEW EXACTLY where I was going when I put out in my schooner along the ancient Spanish Main. Particularly I'd made several careful reconnaissances of the Caribbean area, and from a treasure hunter's point of view, the probability of finding sunken gold was excellent.

My crew were expert. They'd sailed with me many times before. And my head boy, Lani, had proven his worth time and again. I was ready to trust him with my life. As it turned out, I very nearly did.

Weather forecasts were favorable. Of course there were storm areas—there's never a time when an ocean tract as big as the Caribbean is free of them—but there was nothing predicted that might point to real dirty weather ahead. My ship was good and strong. I had the best instruments. I was convinced that I could sail through anything that was likely to hit me during the next seven days.

At the beginning, we had warm sunny weather, a clear blue sky, enough wind to fill our sails but not enough to ruffle the water and sailing was

The MIRACLE off

**A cascade of water roared
into the engine room.**

**I half-swam, half-
stumbled toward the door.**

**It was shut, immovable. I was
trapped in the sinking ship!**

perfect. The prospects could not have been better.

We had just passed the Gulf of Morroquillo when the schooner came alive with a nervous restlessness. The wind increased slightly, and up above, the first rapid-moving cloud was quickly followed by others.

I knew from experience that this could mean anything. The latest forecast had reported nothing threatening. But in those waters, the tiniest squall could turn vicious in a matter of hours. On the other hand, it was equally possible—and far more probable—that we were merely in for a short blow and a heavy downpour.

I shouted for Lani and, as he jumped to join me, I pointed to the approaching cloud-line. "Better turn to," I suggested and added, "Better get the boys ready. I'm going below to check the charts and the weather reports. Call me if anything happens."

Lani nodded and ran back to join the crew.

Below in the cabin the report was not encouraging. The big warning station at San Juan was reporting the presence of a "wave area." Heavy rains

and winds between "35 and 50 miles per hour, higher in gusts" had been encountered by several ships. A weather plane was being sent out to investigate and meanwhile small craft warnings were up and larger ships were advised to be prepared. A following bulletin would be broadcast at approximately 7 P.M.

Still—with the auxiliary engines, I could easily make land long before 7. There was no sense in trying to fight a tropical storm head-on. Making a quick check, I found I had two possible courses, either to turn back toward Morroquillo or to head for Cape Caribana at the entrance to the Gulf of Uraba.

I plotted both courses, just to be on the safe side, and then started back up to check the storm. My aim was to make use of whichever plot would take me away from the storm pronto.

There wasn't time to do either. The clouds had moved up quickly in the few minutes I'd been away. A vast semi-circle of cloud reached out around us, with one of the horns, (Continued on page 50)

by LT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

San Sebastian





Harry Lasseter, a wizened, stumpy prospector who finally found his life's dream—then saw it slip through his fingers . . .



Harding, the government surveyor who nursed Harry back to life—then caught the gold fever himself and begged for its secret . . .



Paul Johns, ex-German sailor and wild dog hunter, who in a wild, midnight attack struck out for a new kind of bounty . . .



The astounding story of the lost

MOUNTAIN OF GOLD

by EDGAR FREMONT
Illustrated by PAUL GORENSEN



It could have been the silence,
or the danger of lurking savages—
for suddenly, the white men turned
on each other in brutal fury!

**In the trackless wastes of
Australia is a king's horde
of glittering nuggets—but
the key to its source is
the curse of savage death!**

SOMEWHERE AMONG THE trackless desert wastes of central Australia lies a fabulous mountain of gold—Lasseter's Lost Reef—which has haunted imaginations "down under" for half a century. The gold speckles the white quartz like plums in a pudding! Here, in one spot, is the combined wealth of the Yukon and Ballarat combined, a ridge so fantastically rich that the mind cannot conceive of it. Even the Incas of ancient Peru never commanded such treasure.

At the turn of the century, Harry Lasseter, a stumpy little man, went looking for rubies in the desert country of Western Australia. He got lost somewhere near the border of that huge, empty state and its neighbor, South Australia.

Western Australia is about one third the size of the

United States, but most of it is desert. Lasseter was lost 500 miles from the southern sea, 500 miles from the western sea—500 miles from nowhere . . .

While he was trying to regain his bearings, he stumbled accidentally on the mountain of gold!

Trapped in the arid, isolated wastes, the find must have seemed ironic to the lone white man. But determinedly, Lasseter gathered specimens of the rich, gold-bearing quartz and drew a map of the area and its landmarks. Then he turned away to try to win his way back to civilization.

The desert nearly got him. His horses died one by one. Finally, his water gave out. The desert sun was a fierce, molten ball in the pale sky.

Days later, an Afghan camel driver came on a near-naked man, who was babbling deliriously. His face was blackened by the sun and his tongue was swollen. The man fell often, but he clutched in his hands a bag of golden stones.

"It's an El Dor . . . a . . . do!" he gasped. "Like plums! Gold! Rich!"

The Afghan took Lasseter to the camp of a Government surveyor called Harding, and there he was nursed back to life.

"Let's go out and find that reef," suggested Harding when Lasseter had recovered.

"Not on your life!" answered the miner. The desert experience had left him badly frightened. "The gold can stay there!"

The effects of his close shave with death took three years to wear off. But Lasseter had been a prospector all his life, and the gold exerted its spell once more. He and Harding ventured into the desert with a camel train. They went 1000 miles in from the coast and after some labor, rediscovered the reef. They took bearings with a sextant, gathered as many specimens as they could safely carry, then struck out for home.

Back at the coast they were dismayed to find that their watches were 75 minutes slow! If their watches had been wrong when they took their readings, then their bearings were off.

Lasseter and Harding tried to find backers for another journey, but were unable to. Big goldfields had been discovered in Western Australia in the 'nineties, and gold was not too scarce. No one was prepared to back an expensive venture, requiring a crushing plant seven hundred miles away in the waterless wastes of central Australia.

Discouraged, Lasseter went off to one of the new fields. A few years later, Harding died.

In time, the readily available gold was used-up. In 1916, the Western Australian Government remembered Lasseter's Lost Reef and sent two camel parties out to look for it. Both parties were attacked by the wild aborigines, who fatally speared several of the white men. The expedi-

tions had to turn back, without finding the lost reef.

After World War I ended, Lasseter continued looking for backers.

"It's there for the picking, but I need money for the crushing plant," he'd tell them. Unfortunately for Lasseter, Australia was enjoying a post-war boom. Money was to be won more assuredly in other ways.

"Big Capital" wasn't interested, but a score of others, prospectors whose imaginations were inflamed, ventured into the dead heart of Australia to seek Lasseter's El Dorado. Twelve of them left their bones on the sandhills . . .

Finally, Lasseter found men in Sydney ready to listen to him, for gold had now risen in value to 15 dollars an ounce. A 15,000-dollar outfit, the Central Australian Gold Exploration Company Limited, was formed to search out and exploit the mountain of gold.

"The gold is as good as in the vaults of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia!" exulted wrinkled little Lasseter. "We can't miss!"

THE COMPANY GOT busy. It decided to send out a ground party, with Harry as a guide to work in co-operation with aircraft. It bought one of the best planes in the world at that time — a De Havilland Gypsy Moth. It imported a six-wheeled two-and-a-half-ton truck, especially built for desert exploration, and equipped the party with radio.

By July 1930 the crew was in Alice Springs—a small township in the center of Australia. From there, they pushed west across the sands for 250 miles—to an airstrip which had been cleared some years before. This place, called Ilbilla by the desert natives, was to be the party's main base for the search for the golden mountain, now believed to be 400 miles west.

So far, things had gone smoothly, but all too soon the ill-chance which had beset all previous attempts to win the treasure struck. The company's plane, *The Golden Quest*, crashed in a take-off. The pilot was badly hurt and the plane a total loss.

Then, to Lasseter's dismay, other parties began to converge on the area in search of the reef. Old Government records in Western Australia had been turned up.

"By God, we'll be beaten to it!" cried Lasseter in anguish. Then he added, "But not if we can help it."

The party now decided to push west in the truck from Ilbilla. At first the going was not too difficult in the desert fringe country. But as the Thornycroft truck neared the border of Western Australia it ran into sandy ridges; in ten days it covered only 100 miles! Then rocky gullies barred the way. The party climbed a 2000 ft. peak and looked across the wastes, searching for familiar landmarks.

To his dismay, Lasseter discovered they were 150 miles too far north!

The watches had definitely been wrong when he and Harding had taken bearings nearly thirty years before. They returned to Ilbilla.

The company sent up another plane, *The Golden Quest II*. It made one scouting flight with Lasseter, but its range was inadequate. It was decided to return it to Adelaide, in South Australia, to fit it with a larger fuel tank and another engine to give it a range of 750 miles.

THE GROUND PARTY NOW struck out southwest. After some days it came to a wide area of sandstone ridges, alternating with sandy wastes falling away in cliffs. Only a truck with wings could have gotten over them! Lasseter was impatient. He was worried, too, that the other expeditions might snatch his treasure from him. Abruptly, he decided to go out to the reef by camel, with Paul Johns. Johns, a German sailor who had become a dingo (wild dog) hunter, selling the scalps for bounties, had ridden into Ilbilla some weeks earlier.

"I'll find the reef this time or never come back!" said Lasseter.

Once again, the truck made its way back to Ilbilla. Days later, Lasseter and Johns set out southwest.

Lasseter was happy now. Every lurch of his camel was bringing him closer to his reef.

But the desert again took a hand! When they were some days out, Lasseter and Johns quarrelled. It could have been the frustrations, the stillness, or the certainty that unfriendly aborigines were tailing them that made both men tense.

Johns said something one evening as the two men sat eating. Lasseter emptied his plate of food in the other's face!

Then the two men were leaping at each other, throwing savage punches! They grappled and rolled over and over in the sand, while the frightened camels bucked and strained at the ropes. Panting, cursing, the men fought furiously. Johns drew a revolver, but Lasseter grabbed his wrist. They whirled round, lunging and heaving, fighting for the possession of the gun. Then Lasseter wrenched the gun away and threw it into the bushes. The men stood glaring, breathing heavily for some minutes. Slowly, their passions cooled. The danger was averted.

But Lasseter now insisted on going forward alone.

He sent Johns back to Ilbilla with instructions to send the food ahead. He also gave him a letter to the ground party, explaining the route he would take and how to follow him. He would bury letters in the remains of his camp fires, to make tracking easier.

LASSETER MOVED OUT, with two camels. By day he saw smoke rising from native fires. By night, beside his fire, he shovelled sand into a mound and covered it with a

blanket to resemble his sleeping body—then crept away to pass the night, secure in the knowledge that a flight of spears would find the wrong target. He turned the camels out without bells on their hobbles. Before dawn he would be away, after burying letters under the ashes of the fire. Experience had taught him that this was the safest place to hide them.

Lasseter pressed on. One day he came suddenly on a native hunting party and had to ride through it boldly. The aborigines notched their spears in their woomeras (throwing sticks) and stiffened their arms. But—they did not attack . . . !

The natives continued to dog him, and the camels soon became cantankerous. But he was now picking up the familiar landmarks of 30 years earlier—somewhere across the border of Western Australia and south of Lake Christopher, he found his reef again!

There were no signs that he had been forestalled. He was alone with his gold and his triumph! He broke up some of the stones, and the golden veins ran like honey through the milk-white quartz. He pegged his claim, and because the reef was near one of the natives' sacred grounds, wrote on the posts and photographed them in case they were pulled up. It was the 23rd of December, 1930—a fine Christmas present.

Late that afternoon, Lasseter set out for home. But his two camels were now thirsty and bad-tempered. The shadow of the worst disaster of all was hovering over him . . .

As he was unloading that evening, the camels lumbered angrily to their feet and bolted! Lasseter ran after them, but they were too fast.

They would bolt for perhaps 100 miles before stopping—and into the desert and the approaching night went most of his food and all his water, borne away on the plunging, maddened camels!

BITTERNESS MUST HAVE filled Lasseter's mind at that moment; a bare ten minutes before, he had been a man with millions; now he was a beggar in the desert, his life in deadly danger.

Lasseter had food for perhaps a fortnight, plus his revolver and some bullets.

He camped on the spot and later buried a map of the reef's location. Shortly afterwards, a tribe of nomadic aborigines approached him. They were not very friendly, but were his only hope of survival now. He gave them some of his food and promised them more when his white friends came. This was the greatest appeal he could hope to make, for the desert natives' life is a bitter struggle for food and water. Men, women, and children often have to cover as much as 100 miles between waterholes and hunting grounds. The whole tribe may have to go hungry or thirsty for days.

Lasseter lived with the tribe for

several weeks, and at first they gave him food. He took part in hunting kangaroos, scrub wallabies, emus, and marsupial rats.

But he was a white man; he did not have the toughened muscles, or stomachs, of these Stone Age people. Day by day he became more fatigued. He had attacks of dysentery and suffered from the extremes of desert heat and cold, of day temperatures that went to 120 degrees and dropped to 40 at night. He thought of trying a dash to safety, but knew he could never carry enough water.

After a time the natives became openly hostile—he had promised them food but had not given it.

One day, Lasseter was standing by a clump of desert trees. Suddenly, he saw the flash of a black body and an uplifted arm! He backed swiftly against a tree trunk, drawing his revolver. Something came flashing at him and Lasseter jerked his head away. The long barbed spear thudded past his cheek and struck into the bark of the tree! It hung swaying as Lasseter fired. Another flew towards him, and a third! They grazed his body but drove into the tree. Lasseter fired another of his precious bullets and the aborigines finally fled.

A pursued animal, Lasseter left the tribe and made his way for five miles to a cave, where there was a water-hole. After much searching, he also discovered a rabbit warren. It took him an entire day to catch one by digging it out with a stick! He was a millionaire, but would have exchanged all the wealth for a shovel.

Bitter thoughts crossed his mind. He kept a diary and one day scrawled in pencil: "What good is a reef worth millions? I would give it all for a loaf of bread."

And again: "Where is Paul? Why doesn't he come? I relied on him to come."

IN THE FLOOR OF THE cave, Lasseter buried his photographs of the reef; along with the films he put letters to his wife and children in case he did not survive. He was now very weak and his eyes were badly inflamed.

The savages attacked a number of times, and more precious bullets went in scaring them away. But he found an ally among the natives—an old, old man. Sometimes the old man brought Lasseter food and the white man rewarded him with his hat, which the old savage proudly wore—to make his solitary piece of clothing!

"They must come!" Lasseter wrote in desperation. "They must! I can survive only a little longer!"

He was now watching the sky constantly for *The Golden Quest II*, and the horizon for Johns. The diary he kept is full of puzzled queries and speculations. It hurt him deeply to think he had been abandoned.

He could not know that the airplane had force-landed on the flight up to Ilbpilla from Adelaide, and that its pilot and engineer were lost in the desert. (They were later found

by Australian Air Force planes.)

Nor could he know that Johns and Taylor, a member of the expedition, had set out after him by camel and had been forced to return when Taylor fell ill. He could not know that later Johns and Johannsen, another member, were speared.

The hoodoo was working.

Lasseter made a bid for rescue. He gave letters to the friendly old aborigine and told him to go to Alice Springs. It was a doomed venture, for Alice Springs lay 300 miles away across the dry wasteland. Some days later the old man staggered into the cave, so exhausted that Lasseter gave him the rabbit he had dug up with so much labor that day. He had failed to get through . . .

At the end of his 60th day in the desert, somewhere in the Petermann Range, Lasseter was in deepest despair. He was almost blind.

"I have saved one cartridge for myself but will stick it out as long as I can," he scrawled. "The blacks do not trouble me now. They know I am dying and will wait."

Help, however, was on the way.

The expedition had engaged Bob Buck, a cattle rancher with expert knowledge of the desert, to find Lasseter. He started from Ilbpilla and tracked his man from one dead camp fire to another.

Lasseter's position was now desperate. He was all but blind, so weak that he could only drag himself about. The late summer sun was grim.

But Buck was getting nearer; he followed Lasseter from one camp to the next. Sometimes he lost the trail, and was in a tight spot himself when his camels had to go without water for ten days and he had little left for himself . . .

Lasseter died on the 78th day of his ordeal—when help had almost reached him! Buck found the old prospector's body under a shelter of dead leaves.

A party that followed in Lasseter's tracks failed to find the reef; the men ran out of food and had to return when sixty miles short. The bad luck that had beset the treasure hunt from the beginning persisted. The quest for the mountain of gold was abandoned.

Afterwards, other parties sought the gold vein, but the story was always the same . . . they ran out of food or water . . . or the aborigines attacked them . . . The hoodoo never failed, and more men left their bones on the sandy ridges. Over twenty men in all!

And the gold is still there—"but a few days' walk from Lake Christopher," Lasseter wrote in his diary.

In Australia today, men still speak in awe of Lasseter's Lost Reef, of going out into the desert and winning the treasure.

Someday, someone may succeed, but not before more men have paid with their lives. This is the price for a mountain of gold. • • •

the Southern one, almost touching us. The wind had picked up considerably and was now blowing fresh to strong in ragged, nasty, ill-defined gusts. The water was dirty black and already racing with whitecaps.

A pall of blackness rushed in on us. Driving rain struck with a sudden fury. One moment visibility was almost unlimited, the next it was less than 100 yards. A smashing wind tossed the ship sideways. Lani leaned against the helm with all his lithe, muscular strength, trying to bring the schooner back on an even keel.

The heavy downpour changed as the gust died momentarily. Now it was blowing in a fine, half-drizzle that came in at us almost horizontally, slicing into the skin like countless cold needles. The ship was bobbing and rolling so heavily that standing erect was next to impossible. And waves that I estimated at between 25 and 30 feet high were breaking over the deck.

From the moaning pitch of the wind through the rigging, I could tell that the gale was rising steadily. If anything, the sky was getting even darker. But every few seconds the entire circle of the horizon was lit up with monstrous flashes of lightning. One bolt struck just beyond our fingertips. Even above the noise of the storm, I could hear the sea hiss under the heat of the lightning.

Unbelievably the rain was getting heavier. But now it was so mixed with spray and spume as to make it impossible to tell where one left off and the other began. It was as if we were sailing under an open waterfall in the sky.

Our riding lights were drowned out again and again. For a little while, I tried to keep them burning, but finally I gave the order to abandon them, leaving only the tiny binnacle lamp as a spark in the darkness.

I pushed Lani aside and shouted to him to rest for a bit. As I grasped the wheel, I felt a huge shock run through my arms. It was literally me and my muscles against the storm.

SEVERAL TIMES I completely lost control. One second I'd be tensed, every muscle straining to hold the rudder true, the next, the ship would pitch right out of the water and I'd find myself with the wheel biting nothing but air.

I guessed it was night. During the lulls between the lightning bolts, I could see nothing; then the phosphorescent spar ends would begin to glow and a new flash would bring everything into sharp focus. The deck was practically awash with driving rain. Our tiny engines pounded like trip-hammers, missing every so often as the schooner heeled hard over.

I wondered if the cabin floor was flooded. From the heavy way the ship handled, wallowing even under the pressure of a roaring wind, I sus-

pected that it was. The engine pumps were going full blast. If they were failing to hold their own against the flood, we'd have to undertake the almost impossible job of manning the hand-pumps, with the sea literally breaking over them.

I called to Lani to take the wheel again. The schooner was settling lower. As I patted him on the back, I saw that his face was almost white with panic. But nevertheless he managed a small smile.

Staggering below, I went rigid with shock. Water sloshed up to my knees. That much couldn't have rolled in. There must be a leak some place. And against the surge of the sea, the tiny pumps were totally inadequate. The best they could manage was to keep the floor from rising to the ceiling.

Practically wading to the companionway, I climbed up to the deck again. "Get the hand-pumps started," I screamed.

The crew looked at me blankly. I grabbed one of the men and shook him, fiercely. "Do you want to drown?" I shouted hysterically. "All right then, get to work."

It took a few minutes, but I finally had them at their places, their bodies jerking up and down in rhythm as they worked the machines. But the water slowly deepened, inch by inch.

Below in the dark there was a grinding rasp from the engine pumps. Then suddenly, the steady beat stopped.

Slowly, I sank down on a hatch cover. It was over. There wasn't a chance. Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour. It couldn't possibly be longer than that before the ship went down.

Already the schooner was riding lower. As she plowed heavily through the water, she felt old and dispirited, as if she knew it was useless to struggle.

I was on my feet, running for the companionway. Maybe it was just instinct driving me on, but somewhere inside I could feel the desperate determination to make at least one more effort to save the ship.

Water was already up past the second step, as I started to force my way toward the engine room. In my mind's eye, I could picture the layout of the pumps. I had to get them started again.

Working blind, my hands fumbled clumsily. There was hardly a drop of light, and even what there was came only from the reflection of the lightning through the grilled skylight. Even worse, the heavy pitch and roll of the ship, and the consequent crashing surf of water in the engine room, was throwing me off-balance. No sooner would I grasp a knob or bearing than it would be jerked out of my hands.

Still, I had to keep going. There was nothing else to do.

Suddenly, from far behind, I heard

a crash. Almost instantly, a cascade of sea-water smashed into the engine room. I toppled head over heels as the wall hit me. And then I was half-swimming, half-stumbling toward the door. It was over. The ship's seams had given way. All that was left was to get up on deck and pray that somehow, something would keep us afloat.

I pulled and tugged at the door with all my might. I couldn't budge it. There must have been tons of water pressing it shut from the other side. At the same time, off in one corner, I could hear the steady roar of the sea rushing in through some new hole.

I felt the ominous sensation of the schooner starting to settle. Again I was swept off my feet as the entire door face was suddenly covered. The current carried me toward the engines and threw me against one of the platforms on which they were mounted. I crawled onto it, only to be immediately washed off again as the water reversed.

I fought my way back, found a handhold and forced myself erect. Directly above me was the grille. I grabbed at it, pressing with all my might to force it open. I might as well have tried to brush away a mountain. The grille wouldn't budge.

The sea was up to my armpits now. I wondered why the deck over my head didn't burst from air pressure, but I guessed that some of the caulking had come loose under the pounding, allowing pressure to escape.

I forced my head into the skylight, beating frantically on it, and yelling at the top of my lungs for someone to open it. There was no answer.

Where was the crew? The water was up to my chin. I had to stand on tiptoe to keep breathing. And still the sea rose. From below there was a dull shock. In the fearful dark I waited before the heavy thump beneath me was repeated. The schooner had struck bottom. I held on with all my might in an agony. The ship quivered from stem to stern. Then, with a mighty surge, she tipped partway off center. The flood rushed away from me, and then, a few seconds later, the water surged back, forcing my face against the ceiling. I clung on tightly, no longer even thinking, as the salt water made me sputter and choke. Desperately I pressed my nose as high as possible, seeking precious air at any cost.

GRADUALLY, the flood found its level and remained steady. And miraculously there was perhaps a three-inch space between the surface of the water and the glass of the skylight.

My arms were getting numb. I relaxed for a moment, holding my breath as I dropped below the water. But the moment of relief didn't do much good. A few minutes later, my arms were just as tired as ever. I wondered how long I could hold out. Another hour maybe? And then what?

My lungs began to hurt. I was get-

ting dizzy. A terrible sleepiness was beginning to settle over my mind. The end was not far away.

And then it seemed as if the water were starting to recede. It couldn't be. My brain must be playing tricks.

But I noticed that I was no longer tilting my head back. And even though I was no longer straining desperately against the grille, the water was below my chin.

I began to laugh hysterically. I lowered myself to my heels and let go the grille. The deliciousness of relief to my bone-weary arms was more pleasurable than any woman.

Ten minutes later the water was below my shoulders. *And still receding!* It might have been one hour or six, I don't know. Time had stopped long ago. But gradually the water got lower and lower. I was able to sit down on the engine platform. And then later, I was able to walk over to the door. Only a few inches lay on the floor by now. The door opened easily. The last water flowed out, like a river running downhill.

With the hulk tilted, I crawled on my hands and knees toward the companionway. I made it up the ladder, hauling myself forward a step at a time. With time out to rest . . . to draw precious breath.

But at last, I found myself on the open deck. The fresh sea air was glorious. I crawled over to a hatch cover and collapsed.

When I opened my eyes again, the

sun was shining. It was hot and oh so refreshing. Squinting against the glare I saw that the sky was clear and blue. Never had it looked so grand.

Perhaps 200 yards away, to the lee side, I could see the shore. I heard a shout. And then I noticed a group of natives waving to me. I waved back.

They sent a *curial* out to fetch me.

Once away from the schooner, I could see what had happened. Instead of the ship's skin having given way under the hammering sea, she had actually been stove in on the rocks of Point Caribana near the village of San Sebastian. Instead of open ocean, the ship had settled in only a couple of fathoms of water. It was the fall of the abnormally high tide that had set me free.

As I leaped out onto the friendly sand, a priest lifted his hand and blessed me.

"Father—!" I begged. "My crew—have you seen them?"

He shook his head sadly. They hadn't come ashore. I could picture how they'd gone over the side, torn away by the hurricane wind, pounded into submission by the mountainous seas . . . all, including my faithful Lani. It was him, with his strength and loyalty, I would miss keenly.

But though I was miserable, the priest of San Sebastian and his flock were happy. One man had come through. "A miracle," the priest kept repeating. And it was a miracle . . . for me.

48 HOURS OF TERROR (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

of the 1504-men department would be left guarding Boston.

The suspended patrolman's Irish eyes twinkled as he watched an urchin parade in front of Station 2 with a sign, "This establishment unfair to organized labor." He was unperturbed as boys scooped mud from the street and splattered it on the walls and windows of the station. Just children thumbing their noses at the law now that the law was out.

But what McInnis considered a childish prank was only a symptom of the wave of lawlessness that soon was to roll over the city. Before the disease was quelled two days later by the loyal policemen, 6700 National Guardsmen and hundreds of volunteers, Boston was pillaged and racked with crime as never before.

For 48 hours the metropolis that liked to think of itself as the "Athens of America" was ruled by hoodlums, by professional crooks who had scented unusual opportunity for their talents in a police strike, and by ordinary citizens turned savage as they were unshackled from the law. More than 50 stores, most of them in the downtown area, were sacked. Two hundred other establishments were partially looted.

Mobs of 50, of 100, of 500, of 1000 and even greater swarms snowballed in all parts of the city. Women were dragged into alleys and raped. Merchants were beaten as they attempted

to protect their property. Gambling sprang up on almost every corner and the cries from "shoot a dollar" crap games were heard on historic Boston Common.

As in wild-West days, businessmen conducted business with guns in their pockets and loaded rifles nearby. Womenfolk changed the locks, barricaded their doors and prayed.

Before the orgy of violence was over seven people had been killed, three when troops fired into a mob. Twenty-two persons were seriously injured and hospitals and relief stations were jammed by the hundreds.

The strike had other results. It ended, probably for all time, the issue of unionization of police in major cities. And it plummeted into a national recognition which was to culminate in the White House a taciturn Vermonter named Gov. Coolidge.

Affiliation of police with a national labor union was the sole issue of the strike. True, the cops had been grumbling about long hours and low pay in times of high prices—"My Mike makes only \$1100 a year and butter is 70 cents a pounds and police trousers \$15 a pair," one wife complained.

Violently opposed to a police union with AFL connections was Police Commissioner Edwin U. Curtis. On Aug. 29 Curtis had put on trial 19 policemen, including McInnis and most of the leaders of the Boston Po-

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lice Union, who had refused to resign from the AFL. The Commissioner's foreordained finding of guilty and the suspensions came on Sept. 8.

THAT EVENING, amid cheers, the Boston Police Union voted its walkout, to start the next afternoon.

The early calm after the Tuesday walkout misled Mayor Andrew J. Peters. Although he could have called on National Guardsmen or on a special force of civilians who had been in training in case of a strike, he said the city would be "amply protected."

It was not until 8 or 9 in the evening that Mayor Peters realized how wrong he had been. By that time boys and men were straggling into Scollay Square in the downtown area. At 10 PM an unruly 2000 had collected and the throng was spilling into side streets. A public crap game was started. When a pair of policemen forced their way through to attempt an arrest, they were booed and hissed. An all-out fight started. The windows of a shoe store on Hanover street were smashed and all shoes stolen.

Violence and street gambling were spawning in every section of the city. Police stations were favorite targets for brick, bottle and mud barrages and at Station 6 in South Boston shots were fired over the heads of a mob screaming, "Burn the station down." Card games were started a few feet from station steps. A buggy was stolen, rolled in front of Station 10 in Roxbury and set afire.

A mob of 1000 formed in the West End and menaced six cops who told them to go home. "Kill the scabs," "Down with the skunks," "Tear them to pieces," they shrieked. The police fired over their heads, then plunged into the throng with nightsticks flying. A rock wrecked a jewelry store window and fanned the frenzy. Again the officers pulled their guns. "One step forward and we'll fire," they warned. This time the crowd, sensing the cops meant to shoot to kill, fled.

Now the screaming, jostling, loot-hungry gangs from Scollay Square and the West End began to merge. They broke into the Casino Theater, jeered the performance until it was halted, ripped pictures from the walls. They erupted into Dock Square, smashed the windows of a fruit store to rifle the cash register and strew produce as far as wild throws could reach. A liquor store was the next objective and after revelling on its contents the mob marched along toward the shopping district.

In the block between Milk and Bromfield streets ten stores were wrecked and merchandise of all kinds - furs, shoes, suits, overcoats, hats, flowers, furniture, liquor, smokes - was carried off. Two taxicabs followed the looters down the street and soon were filled to overflowing with goods. Men armed with pistols stood on the running boards to fend off competing thieves.

Some of the looters were cut by the

glass of the windows they shattered and ran screaming through Boston with blood spurting from their wounds. A woman was assaulted, her teeth knocked out and her eyes blackened before she could be rescued and shoved into a car. Two sailors beat a civilian into unconsciousness in front of a store, stole his watch and wallet while 200 stood jeering.

All night the mob ruled the city with the loyal police unable to halt the violence. Downtown, gangs looted, robbed and rioted while professional criminals worked busily behind the created disorder. "I would not have believed this could happen," wept Supt. of Police Michael Crowley as he helplessly watched.

A woman guest at the Hotel Avery shrieked, "They're going to set the place on fire," and started a wild uproar. Boxes and barrels were piled on the elevated tracks in South Boston and when the trains halted, a gang broke car windows and terrorized passengers. Twenty automobiles were stolen and some purposely wrecked. Thirty-eight false alarms were boxed in up to midnight.

The carnival of crime and chaos slackened slightly in the morning, when the special police went on duty. At 11 AM Mayor Peters asked for National Guardsmen to restore order. Gov. Coolidge belatedly stepped in, ordered the militia mobilized.

The city took on the air of an armed camp as steel-helmeted troops began to pour in. There was sporadic shooting everywhere. A policeman was shot and killed as he battled rowdies at Back Bay railroad station. Downtown store fronts were boarded up. Ammunition stocks were commandeered by the public. Unionists pushed plans for a general strike.

Women employees, too frightened to leave their downtown offices, had their lunches brought in to them and were sent home early after Police Supt. Crowley warned, "Women should understand they are in great danger during the present crisis."

At 6:30 PM cavalymen with swinging sabres marched into Scollay Square and along with volunteers on horseback went to clear the area.

IT WAS a pitched battle. The rioters grabbed bottles, cans, bricks, rocks - anything they could lay their hands on - to resist the mounted guardsmen. A passing coal wagon was surrounded and its load turned into a fusillade.

Before the square could be cleared, one man was killed. Then barricades were placed at every corner.

Meanwhile, there was tragedy in South Boston. There, as on the night before, huge crowds began to gather in the principal squares. Guardsmen fired volley after volley over the heads of the rioters with little effect. Finally a company of riflemen got excited and fired into a throng of 1000. Casualties were heavy.

On Thursday morning Gov. Coolidge issued a proclamation taking complete and absolute command of

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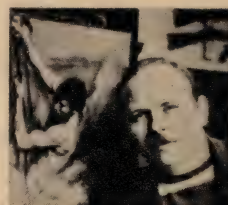
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the Boston crisis. He received assurances that Federal troops would be sent into the city, if needed, and he promised martial law if the strike became general. He also fired off a telegram to Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, protesting the police walkout and concluding with the famous words, "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime."

The reinforced troops turned their attention to gamblers who had operated their games unchecked through the terror. A unit of 40 soldiers rounded up 100 at a crap game on the Common and marched them off to jail. In that incident a merchant marine seaman attempted to escape and was shot dead.

On Friday, McInnis and the strik-

ing police capitulated. They offered to return to duty. Comm'r. Curtis, backed by Gov. Coolidge, sternly refused the offer. The next day he fired the entire 1132 from the force.

The general walkout never materialized and the city slowly quieted. However, the militia stayed on duty until just before Christmas.

Afterward the strikers formed the Boston Social Club and for 20 years sought to regain their positions in the police department. Some became officers in other police forces. One joined the Catholic Redemptorist Order; another earned a fortune as a contractor; still another became a successful New York investment broker. But none ever again donned the uniform of a Boston policeman after leaving his station on Black Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1919. ● ● ●

THEY DO IT FOR KICKS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

"doctor's" story was true. When one did, Thomas R. found the police waiting for him on his arrival. Asked why he'd done it, the smug little con-man had boasted, "You'd be surprised how many of them I MADE that way." In a period of three years, after exposing over two hundred women to humiliation, after taking a chance of having his head handed to him at any minute by a jealous husband who might not be at the office, Thomas R. had amassed the grand total of 14.

Isn't this a sensational record? 14 women in 43 months. That's one gal every three months . . . for a year. Any drugstore cowboy can do better than that picking girls up at church socials. And he takes a hell of a lot less chance of jail doors slamming on his nose.

THAT'S the oddest thing about the sex fraud artists. To the average fellow looking for a girl, there's very little complication to the business. If he can't get a date with some chick he already knows, he rarely has too much trouble picking one up. If all else fails, there are the professional ladies who cater to frustrated Romeos who just can't wait until their luck changes. It's all fairly simple.

But to Thomas R. and his pals on the police blotter, finding a woman the tried and true way is akin to heresy. They expend boundless energy, interminable time, and devilish ingenuity in an effort to achieve what normal men find fairly simple. Thomas R. is typical of most sex frauds. Typical in that he receives his greatest kicks from second-hand sex. But this is his own problem—that makes him a public problem, the psychiatrists tell us, is that he is emotionally and invincibly immature. His heels are dug into the ground against growing up, taking his normal place in society. He still believes that something can be gotten for nothing, and eventually this sort of thinking will make him cross the

line into outright, vicious criminality.

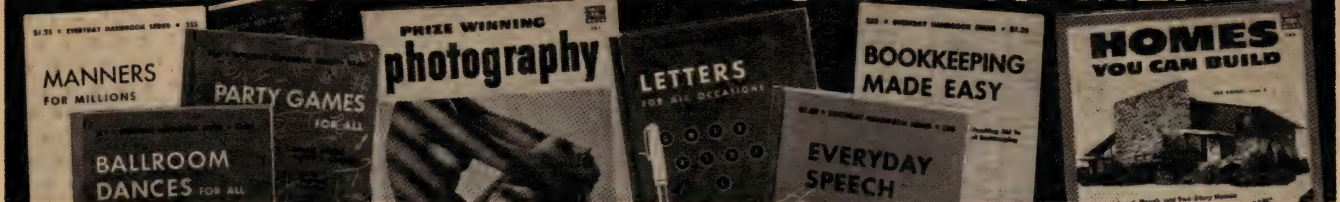
Instead of continuing to be satisfied with committing nuisances with housewives and megalomaniac acts with teen-agers, his appetite will finally be only appeased by outright rape and murder. Jailing him is no real deterrent. And it is only a split-second from the weapon that is flourished to frighten and the weapon that is used to kill. In a few years, maybe even in a few months, Thomas R. will be out of jail again. He can't be held long under our present laws; not until he actually rapes or kills someone. Every cop in the country knows what the future of Thomas R. will be. The next time they pick him up it'll be for something more serious. Eventually, they'll put him away for good. But that won't be until after he's raped a child, murdered a woman, or gone on a rampage of violence, assault, ruining — perhaps ending—the lives of dozens of innocent people.

For proof, consider these short outlines of typical sex fiends and see how they developed.

William T.—First arrested as a child for drawing filthy pictures on advertising placards. Second arrest for making obscene phone calls. Third and fourth arrests as a Peeping Tom. Arrested for molesting women in crowded busses three times. Arrested for attempted rape—charge dropped because woman would not testify. Picked up following women. Released for lack of evidence. Arrested for rape—charge reduced to minor assault when woman would not testify. Arrested and convicted of murder and rape—executed.

Armand P.—Arrested as a child for cruelty to animals. Arrested for disturbing the peace. Arrested five times for disturbing the peace in houses of prostitution. Arrested for annoying children—released for lack of evidence. Caught and convicted as Peeping Tom. Arrested for writing obscene and perverted phrases in public places. Convicted for attempted pick-up of two young boys. Convicted for

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64. POWER TOOL PROJECTS by Tom Riley. For the growing legion of power tool owners here are step-by-step photos, material lists, cutaway drawings—for all kinds of projects like built-ins and wall desks, furniture, play equipment, and many more, plus tricks professionals use. Cloth bound. **\$2.00**

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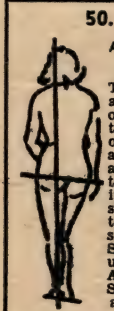
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aggravated assault with intent to kill after he slashed a teen-age boy in a frustrated attempt at perversion.

Willy R.—Arrested and fined for selling pornography. Arrested and served three months for distributing obscene literature. Arrested for annoying women on the street. Arrested, fined for posing as a doctor making intimate examinations of young women. Arrested for attempted rape—charge dismissed for lack of evidence. Arrested for attempted rape—suspended sentence. Arrested for attempted rape—sent to mental institution, released as "cured" in five months. Arrested for rape. Charge dropped, lack of confirming testimony. Arrested for aggravated rape and intent to commit bodily harm. Charge reduced to simple assault when victim refused to sign complaint. Arrested for rape and murder after killing escort and assaulting date. Committed to insane asylum.

Most psychologists agree that these men could have been rendered harmless if they had been punished severely at the start. Most people, we are told, have some streak of abnormality in them. But most of us can control these inhuman urges.

Men and women with less self-control are always frightened when they first yield to some abnormal desire. But getting away with it, only strengthens the urge. And a magisterial slap on the wrist is hardly a solution. Unbalanced people invariably have streaks of egomania. And these streaks are fed by success. They progress step by step, in a predictable fashion, until they pass entirely beyond the bounds of reason. At that point, a major sex crime merely awaits the first opportunity.

The growing menace of sex frauds has the police baffled. Millions of women and child victims never support them. Many people, when there is no actual rape, or physical attack, feel that no crime has been committed. In that they are 100% wrong. The danger of the 7,000 men who are arrested annually on such "petty" charges as molesting, annoying, trespass, malicious mischief, exhibitionism et al is not so much in what they've done. Almost every rapist killer convicted in the past year had a long history of such petty offenses. It's the murderous act that sexual nuisances lead up to. For each of the 7,000 sex cases reported, there are at least a hundred which go unreported. Unreported because of the shame and humiliation of the victim. That adds up to a probable figure of 2,000 such crimes every day.

The largest number of offenses, at least 10%, are filthy phone calls. A weak-minded idiot picks a phone number at random and calls it. If a woman answers, he attempts to engage her in filthy conversation. Before she can hang up the degenerate fills her ears with the filthy details of his wild day dreams. As the shocked woman listens in horror to the

lurid description of what he'd do to her if he had her alone, his excitement mounts to a climax.

Most women never report the call even to their husbands. They should. Sometimes fast work by the phone company, working with the police, may nip a child molester in the bud.

THE VOYEUR, or Peeping Tom, is another budding sex criminal. Leaving out the curious young men with skin trouble who may outgrow it, we come to the real devoted practitioners of the art.

In the near future, if you find yourself in a cheap hotel, take a good look at the door panels. Tiny gimlet holes, drilled through the door by either the help or other guests with an unhealthy sexual curiosity are so common they constitute a major item in the annual cost of hotel repairs.

One man, a permanent resident in a large metropolitan hotel, carefully bored a hole through the wall into the neighboring bridal suite. Bribing a maid, he attached a thread to the bed-springs, leading through another hole in the baseboard to a bell in his room. Whenever he heard the sound of jingle-bells, he'd unplug the hole over the bed and get an eyeful.

Not content with second-hand thrills the Peeping Tom finally overplayed his hand. One particularly well-stacked redhead, a newlywed showgirl, got under his skin so bad he was no longer content to dream about it. After a particularly amorous session with her virile young husband, who'd just ducked in to take a shower, the busty redhead was startled to see her admirer from the next room let himself in with a pass key.

Plopping down on the bed beside the frightened bride the nut whispered, "Shh! Your husband will hear us."

Her husband sure did. The redhead let out a scream they heard down in the lobby. When the police arrived they found the young husband sitting on the pervert's chest, beating his twisted brains out with the house phone.

Of all the lice who make up this conglomeration of phonies, the most successful is the so-called talent scout. This type of animal preys on the most ignorant and gullible women, the ones who want to be "discovered."

There are over a hundred thousand legit agents and talent scouts in this country who can get a girl into a studio for a screen test. But every one of them can be identified by one or two phone calls. It's surprising how few gals ever bother until they find themselves pregnant and alone and wondering what the hell happened to that contract they were supposed to get. The pitch is older than the traveling salesman joke. The guy spots his victim slinging hash or milking a cow somewhere. He asks her if she wants her picture taken, free, in a nationwide search for a

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new star. It seems the studio's having a hell of a time casting the part of little Henny. What's the babe got to lose? Well, that depends on how nice a girl she is.

A week or so later the talent scout is back. He may even have a contract. After all, who knows what a TV or motion picture contract looks like? It costs him twenty dollars at a job printer to have all the "contracts" he'll ever need printed up.

O.K. Here's the pitch. The contract's in her hot, grubby little hand. Mabel pictures herself as a deadly threat to Ingrid Bergman. There's just one catch. He gives it to her hard and cold. Just as in the books they've both read about Hollywood. He hasn't been any closer to it than she has. It's put out or go hungry. He points out the cruel facts of couch casting. If she expects to be the queen of Hollywood, she's going to have to be a "good kid." Starting right now. There's no room up among the stars for square kids from the country. So Mabel proves that—really she's not a country girl.

Then a few weeks later, when she hears that no one there ever heard of the "talent scout" from the studio, she finds out just how country she really was. Unless she's idiot enough to take the bus to Hollywood like a girl from Cedar Rapids did last year. They scraped that poor gal out of a Los Angeles alley after she jumped eight stories.

The list is endless, the phony photographer who asks girls to pose for him in the nude being up at the top of it. Three models were recently murdered on the west coast by one of those gentle souls.

There's the fly-by-night bigamist who preys on women he meets through lonely hearts clubs. There's

the guy wandering around Washington dropping dirty French postcards in women's shopping bags. At least it may be a guy. It could just as easily be a woman. Incredibly, a good percentage of sex-frauds are done by women.

These men and women are for the most part mentally unbalanced. Every psychologist agrees on that. But many of them are almost impossible to detect until they are led by their warped desires into a real crime they can be punished for.

Nothing much is being done about them. Nothing much can be. Yet these people are a genuine menace. The nuisance factor alone is beyond reckoning. But the real horror is that at any moment they can lose their thin hold on reality and slip over into the nightmare world of rapists, slashers, sadists, murderers and the like. It is a fact that every really vicious sex criminal starts out with a slight abnormality he can't control. A potential army of sex fiends walks unknown among us. We can only hope the police and psychologists can come up with an answer before YOUR wife, or sister, or daughter, are numbered among the victims . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Between the time of this article's being written and our going to press, Thomas R., arrested on a charge of child molesting and impersonating a police officer, was released for "lack of evidence." He is at this moment at large on the streets of Long Island. The police, who say there's nothing they can do about it, failed to inform us if they took his badge and gun away.* ● ● ●

RED MAN VS. WHITE MAN (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

They were brutal warriors who hacked the tops off the heads of their victims, leaving the bodies scalpsless as warnings to the Norse invaders that this was a different world from Europe. Lief Ericson called it "Vinland" because of the wild grapes he found growing in profusion, but it was really the coast of Maryland along the Eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay.

The Screamers—so named for their piercing war cries—were the tomahawk-toting Delaware Indians. Unlike the Vikings or the other fighting men of Europe, they had no iron helmets, armor or metal-tipped shields to ward off arrows or deflect sword thrusts. But their painted bowmen were unbelievable marksmen; they almost never missed. And in close combat, they were equally deadly; their hatchets were wet with the blood of many scalps. For centuries, their raiding parties had slaughtered any and all invaders of the Chesapeake shore, as the stubborn, proud Vikings were now learning.

"Einar is the twelfth man they've butchered in five weeks," Thors the Axeman counted harshly. "It's time we taught those blood-thirsty bastards a lesson with Viking axes!"

That night, 48 Norse fighters donned their fur cloaks and slipped silently into the darkness. There were two inches of snow on the ground, but that was nothing to the rugged raiders from Scandinavia, who lived, loved and killed at zero temperatures half the year.

As the tall, blond battlers trudged silently through the woods, they heard the sound of distant drums and they smiled in anticipation. The "music" meant that the dangerous Delawares were having a feast. They'd be completely off guard, eating and dancing, unprepared to resist the force of a sudden thrust. The Vikings marched on for an hour, until they saw the dim glow of Indian campfires illuminating the sky beyond the next hill.

Hefting his deadly hatchet, Thors the Axeman signalled his tiny army to stop and fan out in a long skirmish

WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hair-growing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

If you can't grow hair — what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborrhea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating

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Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. Try it at our risk. In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied—in only 10 days—with the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

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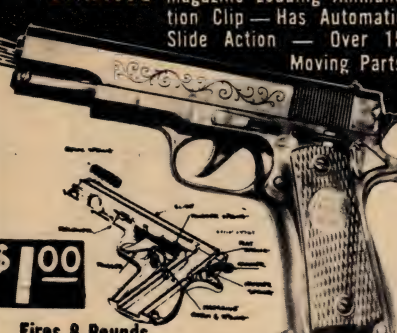
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line. Then he waved again, and the revenge-hungry Scandinavians moved up to the top of the small peak to prepare for their blitz. Hands sweat-ed as they clutched spears. Eyes glowed with the lust to kill!

In the forest clearing below, 90 Indians whooped and chanted to their strange Gods accompanied by the menacing boom of a great hide drum. Men, women and children in beaded skins danced around a huge fire, brandishing lances and clubs. For one long moment Thors glared down at his enemies. Then he rose to his feet to lead the charge.

"ODIN!" HE BELLOWED, calling up- on the Viking God to lead them to victory.

"Odin!" the raging Norsemen roared in answer as they raced down the slope to begin the slaughter, dis- charging a preliminary flight of ar- rows as they ran.

Then, heavy war axes curved through the air as the Vikings moved in for the kill. A full score of Indians were already dead, with arrows jut- ting from their chests, and many others struggled desperately to pull the shafts from their torn flesh. One old Delaware warrior calmly reached up and, snapping off the wood of the arrow buried in his left shoulder at the skin line, picked up a tomahawk in his right hand and plunged into the frantic fray. A woman with an arrow through her breast stood star- ing at it numbly as the blood seeped down her buckskin jacket, took two steps forward and crumpled. A young brave with an arrow in his throat ac- tually tottered ten yards towards his bow and quiver, before he collapsed into the fire. The stink of his scor- ching flesh filled the night, but the sizzling sound of roasting human meat was drowned out in the holo- caust of war cries. Writhing in hope- less agony in a macabre reflex at- tempt to avoid the leaping flames, the dying Delaware convulsed in vi- olent animal spasms, as the raging heat burned through to his bones.

His widow, furious for revenge, grabbed up his bow and fired an ar- row point blank at Gunnar the Helmsman, strapping young brother of Thors. The Indian bolt plunged deep into his left eye, killing him in- stantly. Thors saw this from the cor- ner of his eye. He tried desperately to come to his brother's aid, but even as he chopped an arm off the Dela- ware war chief himself, severing the limb in one gory axe blow, it was too late. Gunnar collapsed in a flabby heap.

Enraged, Thors pressed on sav- agely with his heavy axe. He smashed skull after skull until his face was covered with gore and spattered brains. The old Delaware, the ar- rowhead still in his shoulder, gashed the side of his face, slashing away most of Thors' right ear, but the powerful Viking hacked back with one awful blow that severed the aged warrior's head.

Scores of Delawares were dead, killed by arrows, impaled on spears, chopped into quivering chunks of smashed bone and raw flesh. The village was devastated, littered with corpses and burning. The strong wind was certain to complete the job of destruction. Not a single In- dian warrior remained, for the realis- tic Redmen, realizing their hopeless position, had fled to the south, where they could gather new strength from other tribal villages. Eight Vikings were dead and six seriously wound- ed, when Thors finally pointed his bloody axe back towards the Norse camp.

The Viking leader was bitter about his brother's death, but he made up his mind that many more of the Screamers would perish before Leif returned in the Spring. In the mean- while, there were still 120 rugged Scandinavian fighting men to keep taut and busy.

Thors looked at the four trim, young Delaware girls they'd taken prisoner. He studied their firm breasts and long slim legs carefully before he nodded in contentment. Yes, these were sturdy teen-agers. The long dreary nights ahead were not going to be so dull, after all. The men deserved the pleasure they'd get from these girls. The proud In- dian beauties might fight and shriek when they were flung to the fur sleeping mat. But that would be good, too. Each time he battled one into moaning submission he'd be avenging Gunnar.

During the next five days, four of the wounded Vikings died. Now there were 116 left. But these survivors kept the Delaware wenches busy around the clock. They hadn't even seen a woman in six months, and they took the Indian girls again and again in sweaty ferocity akin to hand-to- hand combat. The black-eyed women bit and scratched and kicked for the first day. But after the first show of resistance, they were swept away in the same animal lust of primitive passion. The orgy lasted for three days until the Delaware girls were exhausted, and then the whole camp settled down to an ill-humored truce.

On the sixth day, the Delawares returned.

They came to take revenge for the attack on their village, and they were determined to drive the Vikings back into the sea. This was the message they left for Thors the Axeman in a clearing just a mile from the Scandi- navian camp.

It was nearly sunset when Olaf the One Eyed found the gruesome mes- sage, a sight that caused even this battle-hardened veteran of a hundred savage raids to pale. He tried not to vomit as he raced back to the Viking huts to give the news to Thors, but when he attempted to tell the leader what he'd found he could barely speak. The Axeman gathered ten men into a small patrol and followed Olaf back to the clearing.

There lay Jens—or at least—there



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was most of him. The Delawares had captured the young Viking sentry and tortured him, carving the flesh from his bones as if they'd been peeling a banana. There were stakes driven through his eyes and ears, and most of his face had been burned away. Each finger, each toe had been cut off, joint by joint, and scattered around the clearing. In the mouth of the corpse were several stones.

"Look at the charred lips," Thors snarled through clenched lips.

"Those stones must have been red hot when they were shoved in," Olaf whispered in horror.

He was still staring in sick disgust, when an arrow struck him in the back. Two other Norsemen crumpled under feathered shafts a moment later, and suddenly there were only 112 Vikings left. Thors was much too practical a general to try to fight the invisible Indians in their home forest, so he ordered the patrol to pick up the bodies and make a swift retreat. It took a while to collect all the pieces of the dismembered sentry, and even when they were finished they were short one foot.

THAT NIGHT THORS posted sentries in pairs, a precaution that had always been useful in the past. It kept things in check for three days, but on the morning of the fourth, two of the men on watch were found with their throats cut from ear to ear. The Delawares had slipped in during the night, slaughtered the pair like Thanksgiving turkeys and stolen nearly a quarter of the Viking food reserve.

Obviously, it was time for another attack, Thors decided. Another total destruction of the Delaware village would shatter the Indians' morale and bring in plenty of dried venison and grain to replace the lost supplies. This time the Vikings would strike at dawn.

He took a powerful force, 80 of the remaining 110. The plan called for assault forces to move up on both sides of the camp, and to begin the attack only when they'd crawled to within a few yards of the huts. The entire group would close in for the kill when Thors blew his curved horn. This time the entire village would be levelled to the ground.

When they were still a mile from the Delaware camp, Thors pointed west and half the Viking force crept away to take up positions on the far side of the target. This time the surprise would be complete. For, when they came in sight of the village, it was evident that all the Indians were asleep. Not a single man, woman or child was stirring. Even the scrawny dogs drowsed around the fire.

Thors' hand crept to the half-healed stump of his ear where it had been gashed in the last attack. Then, automatically, his hand went to his heavy war axe. This was going to be the last battle, for after the massacre the Screamers would certainly

spread the word to all other savages of the area that Vinland was the property of Leif Erikson, and was guarded by the toughest fighting men in the world. They would never again challenge the Vikings, ruthless raiders of the North Sea and the Atlantic.

It was time to kill.

Thors looked around once more to make certain that his men were in position and ready, took a deep breath and blew his battle horn.

A vast flight of arrows flew through the air in the traditional opening of war. Then bellowing their war cries, the Vikings crashed down into the camp to finish the massacre. They grinned in triumph as they rushed the flapping fur tents, confident that they'd wipe out the drowsing Redskins in one devastating assault.

But there were no Indians.

The Vikings burst into tent after tent. All were empty. They raised their bone-breaking axes to smash in Delaware skulls—then stood puzzled when there was nobody to slaughter.

For one long moment the Scandinavian invaders looked at each other uncertainly. Then the unspoken question in every mind was answered. The Delawares were everywhere, behind every bush and tree, every rock and hill. It was a giant ambush.

The first salvoes of Indian arrows told the Vikings that there were literally scores of bowmen in the woods, a grim fact they hardly had a chance to consider as sixteen blond warriors fell in the first volley. The others tried to take cover behind the tents as a second cloud of feathered shafts chopped down nine more of their comrades. With nearly a third of the assault party killed, Thors the Axeman blew his horn again and ordered his hard-pressed warriors to fall back to the Viking camp.

They fought like maniacs, every foot of the way. Again and again bands of Delawares fell upon the retreating column with knife and tomahawk, slashing and stabbing with horrible frenzy until the trail was red with blood. The escape route was marked with a trail of corpses.

The early morning echoed to the wild war cries of the Screamers, and the roars of the desperate Scandinavians. Suddenly the retreat became a rout, with only 25 of the original 80 Vikings left alive. They fought furiously with axe and spear, but terrible as they were they were no match for the endless hordes of revenge-hungry Delawares, determined to punish the shaggy invaders who'd stolen their lands and ravished their women. Thors put the horn to his lips and blew again and again, a last, almost hopeless call.

Four miles away, the Vikings guarding the camp heard the call for help and grabbing their weapons rushed to the aid of their comrades. They raced down the trail towards the sound of the battle horn—right into another ambush. Over sixty

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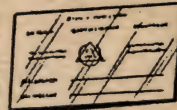
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Delawares were waiting for the thirty Norsemen. The Vikings hacked and thrust with the savage ferocity that had made them the terror of the Old World, killing two redmen for every Viking who went down. But the Indians fought back, mercilessly, with the skill of generations of forest fighting. Only eleven Viking reinforcements got through to the clearing where Thors the Axeman and eight battered fighters still stood and struggled for their lives.

Suddenly a silence fell over the woods.

Not an arrow flew and not an Indian screamed. The Vikings, panting, scared, but indomitable, knew what was coming. The Delawares were resting and forming their lines for the final charge. "We will die like Vikings with our weapons in our hands," Thors told his men grimly.

A hundred dark-skinned bodies suddenly exploded from the underbrush in the final furious attack. Savage hand-to-hand combat that pitted tomahawk against war-axe, man against man raged over the clearing. Yowling, stabbing, thrusting, bashing, the desperate enemies ripped flesh and severed limbs in an orgy of primitive murder that could have but one result. At the end, thirty Indians lay dead—but only four Vikings were still alive. And they were all badly wounded, including Thors, who had a spear-head buried five inches deep in his stomach.

When the Delawares had finished off the others, they carried the wounded Europeans back to their camp, where a special surprise was waiting. The four Indian girls who'd

been raped so repeatedly had been brought home. Each one now held a white hot knife in her hand, and they proceeded to demonstrate to the Vikings their own special brand of revenge. It took a long, long time, for the girls had a great deal to pay back. They were obviously enjoying themselves, as they laughed and spat in the faces of the agonized prisoners. They shouted with pleasure when the Vikings screamed in pain, and were extremely careful to draw out the torture as long as possible. The girls paused again and again as the prisoners fainted in pain, throwing buckets of water, to bring them to, before starting in all over again.

It took a day and a night before the last Viking died. He was Thors, and they killed him with his own axe.

Many months later, Leif returned to Vinland and found his settlement abandoned. He had no way of knowing that the best fighters of the Old World had been whipped and massacred by the warriors of the New World, the Indians. Even if someone had told him so, he wouldn't have believed it. So he sailed away, torn between the thoughts that the earth had opened up and swallowed his men, and the fear that he had lost his bearings, discouraged about the future of this strange land. He had no idea that his rugged Vikings had waged the first of many wars between Europeans and Indians, and that the proud Redmen had out-thought and out-fought the invaders in one of the least known but most important battles in American history. ● ● ●

TOO BRUTAL TO LAST (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

for potential fighting prowess by two standards: size and ferocity—and the badger is noted for an abundance of the latter. The badger, although not a large animal, is a true fighting machine. Similar in appearance to a miniature bear, it is extremely powerful and can claw like fury.

As a youth in southern Wisconsin, I witnessed an example of the latter. It happened high upon a sand dune bordering Lake Michigan. A group of trappers and sportsmen, on a wild weekend outing, had captured more than a dozen badgers. The savage animals were confined in a large, wooden-slatted cage at one end of their campground. At the opposite end, about one-hundred yards distant, a bloodythirsty pack of hounds, trained to the badger's trail, were held in check.

On a signal, both dogs and badgers were set free. The dog pack, sensing an easy kill, charged full tilt toward the badgers. Yet, not one of the badgers retreated!

But by the time the hounds had closed the one-hundred yard gap, every badger had disappeared into the ground! Their scimitar-shaped three-inch claws had cut the soft earth as a hot knife cleaves butter.

Combine this power of claw with jaws equally as strong, and a fighter of formidable proportions emerges.

ONE OF THE MOST celebrated badger fights ever held in the state of Wisconsin took place in Kenosha County on the Fourth of July, 1914. It was staged in a barn, which on that occasion served also as a beer and liquor garden. To assure maximum attendance at the bout, the promoters had discreetly publicized the match for many weeks in advance—discreetly only because badger fighting was already illegal.

The contest was to be something special—the badger, named Jack the Ripper, had never been beaten in a fight. Its long list of vanquished opponents ranged from German shepherds to airedales, other badgers and even a bobcat! Its stoutness of heart and fighting prowess were surely unchallengeable.

Adding to the drama of the event, talk had it that the fight betokened more than a mere contest between animals. Once and for all, it was to settle the long-running dispute of which was the greatest fighting animal: bulldog or badger?

On hand to represent the bulldog

supporters was a ferocious pit-bull which had been imported from the lumber camps of northern Wisconsin. The animal's record of "wins" was only a shade less imposing than that of Jack the Ripper's. Both contestants that day were in excellent condition, and tipped the scales at about the same weight: Jack the Ripper, forty-two pounds—the pit-bull, forty-five.

A noisy and boisterous crowd congregated to witness the brutal spectacle—impatience and blood-lust were written on every face.

The surging crowd arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon, an hour before the fight was scheduled to begin. It was a bright, sunny day. An almost electric excitement was in the air, and the spectators were tense with anticipation. Painted decorations of red, white and blue, commemorating the Fourth of July, adorned the barn, both inside and out. Complementing this patriotic panorama was a blanket of green—for in the clinched fist of nearly every spectator was a wad of greenbacks.

AS THE BATTLE time grew near, betting hit a frenzied pitch—money changed hands so rapidly it was difficult to perceive how the bettors kept track of their wagers. Excitement mounted with each passing moment, and to add fuel to the fire, the promoters postponed the match until four o'clock. However, their motive soon became apparent. During the additional one-hour waiting period, the tense throng of spectators sought outlets for their pent-up emotions, and consumed beer and liquor by the barrel.

It seemed, from the beginning, that the contest was destined to make its mark in the annals of badger fighting. Bulldog raisers long had felt that their animals had never been given a fair advantage in badger fights. Once again, they raised their voices in protest. That day they were heard. It was ruled by members of the management that Jack the Ripper, favored in the betting odds, would sustain a handicap throughout the contest by being tethered to a fifteen-foot chain. The pit-bull would run free. The decision was instantly met by a fiery demonstration from the badger handlers, who charged unfair play. However, the ruling held and odds on Jack the Ripper quickly diminished.

On hand to witness the grisly performance were people from all walks of life—lumberjacks and bank presidents, prostitutes and ladies of fashion. As this hodge-podged audience flocked through the barn door and into the temporary bleachers, the wooden structure groaned and threatened to collapse.

Once all spectators had squeezed into the barn, its massive doors were closed and bolted—a precaution against interference from law enforcement agencies. Then the switches were thrown, and multicolored lights

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flooded the enclosure. The audience, filling the arena to capacity, strained for first sight of the contenders. Excitement was at fever pitch . . .

Jack the Ripper was confined in a wooden box at one side of the arena, out of which a chain extended to a post in the center of the floor. At the other side, held in hand by a strapping brute of a man dressed in heavily padded clothes, was the powerfully-built, roughly-furred pit-bull. Quivering in expectation, the animal barked savagely, biting continually at the padded legs of its handler—which seemed only to please the man.

At last, after a brief announcement explaining the backgrounds and qualifications of each animal, the contest was ready to start . . .

THE LATCH OF THE badger's cage was released and an ear-splitting bell clanged. At that instant, one of the attendants grasped the badger's chain with both hands and, with a sudden heave, tumbled Jack the Ripper onto the floor!

At first sight of the splendid creature the crowd loosed a tremendous ovation. The Ripper, unabashed by this demonstration, quickly regained its feet and growled from deep in its throat. Then, as if to show contempt for its opponent and the spectators, the animal proceeded to rip up splinters from the wooden floor with furious slaps of its razor-sharp fore claws! Jack the Ripper was a better-than-average size badger, with a heavy mane of almost black fur. The animal was so broad of back and short of leg that it appeared, even at a stance, as though it was lying prone on the floor. Its beady eyes blinked rapidly, becoming accustomed to the lights.

Next came the bulldog. The animal was led to a small door in the arena by its handler, who held it firmly with a short-coupled leash. After whispering a command to the beast, he pointed the dog in the direction of the badger—and freed the neck cord. The pit-bull charged headlong into the ring.

At first sight of the oncoming bulldog the Ripper, amid howls of derision from unknowing members of the audience, rolled swiftly onto its back, claws extended—tense, waiting. Had it not been for low growls emanating from deep within its chest during the next few moments, the badger already would have seemed quite dead! But it was a deceiving show—fighting from the back position is a trait common to all badgers, and the Ripper was no exception.

The white bulldog, unusually vicious in appearance, had been circling its opponent at a distance. Suddenly, it became bolder, working in closer, slashing savagely. It made another circle. Then, like a flash, the bull dove upon the badger, seeking the deadly throat grip!

In a startling display of agility, the badger met this attack by rolling

onto its side, thrusting the snarling bulldog into the air and tumbling out of the way. Enraged, the dog was upright almost immediately, coming at the Ripper again. But once more it missed the throat grip, only to sink its teeth deep in the fur of the badger's chest. At this the Ripper became furious! With a lightning rake of its fore claws, it laid open the bulldog's nose! The dog released its grip and squealed in agony.

The audience met this sight of first blood with uproarious applause—betting resumed with intensity by backers of the badger. But now the pace slowed, for the bulldog became more wary and planned its moves more carefully. It feinted an assault—once—twice. The Ripper was off balance! With split-second timing the bulldog leaped in, scoring the killing throat grip!

Now the crowd went wild. The very foundations of the barn shook with their frenzied screams. More bets were placed, this time by supporters of the dog. They cheered their champion on with all their might, for now it surely seemed that Jack the Ripper had met its match.

Meanwhile the bulldog, with a slow, grinding movement of its massive jaws, was taking more and more of the Ripper's throat into its mouth. Ultimately, it would either strangle its adversary or sever the jugular.

But Jack the Ripper was not to be beaten so easily! Backed by long experience, its cunning showed no bounds. The animal suddenly lay still as death and in so doing caused the dog, in an eager attempt to bite deeper into its neck, to momentarily relax the grip. Then, with a motion faster than the eye could follow, the Ripper simultaneously brought all four feet into action!

The badger's fore claws caught the bulldog under its ears in a smashing upward thrust—its hind feet slipped in beneath the dog's stomach and slashed outward with a scythe-like stroke! The bulldog flew into the air and landed with a resounding thump on its back three feet away. The dog was hurt! As the animal struggled to its feet, blood spurted from its underside—entrails could be seen protruding from a gaping hole in its abdomen! Jack the Ripper, once again, had lived up to its name.

THERE WAS immediate speculation among the onlookers about whether the fight would be called. But the bulldog faction obviously felt that their champion still had a chance. On a shouted command from the animal's handler at ringside, the pit-bull once more began to circle its opponent. Although it moved more slowly this time, the spectators, moved by its gallant show of heart, roared their applause.

In the round that followed, both animals fought more savagely than ever. For awhile, it looked as though the bulldog might have the better of it. But stamina was lacking.

Nursing a muzzle that was now a bloody pulp, the bulldog backed off to recuperate. Once again the dog's handler mercilessly shouted fighting commands to his animal. But this time he received no response. Frantic then, fearful that the fight would be lost, he cursed the dog and pelted it with stones, finally goading the wretched beast into one more attack.

It was a noble attempt on the dog's part, but it soon became more apparent than before that the highly touted pit-bull was no match for Jack the Ripper. Besides the damage incurred in the previous round, the bulldog was now further handicapped by a broken fore leg—stark testimony to the iron strength of the badger's jaws! The man in padded clothing vaulted into the ring and, amid a fanfare of applause, dragged the writhing, half-dead dog from the floor. Then, to end the animal's suffering, he put a bullet through its head. The contest was over.

Although Jack the Ripper had, beyond all question of a doubt, settled the dispute between the badger and bulldog men—at least for that Fourth of July holiday—one year and five fights later it met its death at the teeth of another pit-bulldog. Never quite achieving the notoriety of the infamous character after whom it was named, nevertheless, Jack the Ripper is still well-remembered.

But more than mere memory, as a lasting salute to the animal's fighting nature, the state of Wisconsin has been nicknamed *THE BADGER STATE*. ● ● ●

NUDE RANCH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

Every now and then, one of the tipsy males—cattlemen, ranchers, gun slingers or lawmen—would manage to toss the loop of his lariat over a girl's neck or shoulders. With that, the man would let out a loud warwhoop of triumph and drag the girl toward him. Then he'd lead her to the corral gate.

At the gate stood Sara O'Malley, twin six-guns strapped to her slender waist, watching the proceedings with mild interest. She'd nod to one of her hands to open the gate and would make appropriate notations on a sheet of paper tacked to a clip board.

"Okay, Slim," Sara would grin. "You've got Ella for the night. You caught her fair and square. You can go into the bunkhouse. I'm giving you room number 8—first floor right."

Slim and his now "hawg-tied" partner would make their way to the rambling, two-story ranch house bordello that Sara euphemistically called the "bunk house" which lay about 50 yards south of the corral.

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Sara O'Malley and the unique sex-ranch that netted her a million dollars in less than a decade. For some reason, they've soft-pedalled—or ignored completely—the spicy tale of what some authorities say was the rowdiest of all vice operations in the Wild West.

Red-haired, full-bosomed Sara was an ambitious, intelligent woman—without doubt one of the most original and imaginative madams in the spotty history of the world's oldest profession.

Sara arrived in the Wyoming Territory in 1871 at the not-so-tender but still highly attractive age of 29. As far as anyone knows, she'd come west from Philadelphia, where she'd had a rather unpleasant dustup with the local authorities which resulted from Sara's picking the pockets of a drunken "client"—who turned out to be a relative of the incumbent mayor.

At any rate, Sara was nearly broke when she showed up in the hell-dorado town of Cheyenne. It didn't take her very long to remedy that situation. On her first night in town, she'd already latched on to Jefferson B. Porcher, one of the richest men in the entire territory.

Porcher wanted to make a well-kept woman out of the redhead—but the redhead would have none of it.

"I can make us both a fortune—if you'll put up the money I need to start," she told her new lover.

"How?" Jefferson B. wanted to know, his watery eyes gleaming with suspicion and avarice.

Sara quickly outlined her idea.

"I want to start a ranch—but not the kind of ranch you'd think," she begun. "The way I see it, the spread would be like a plush hotel—and instead of cattle, I'd stock it with girls..."

TERRITORIAL TYCOON Porcher listened eagerly. Sara outlined the attractions she intended offering woman-starved and well-heeled buckaroos.

"When the weather is warm, the girls won't wear anything at all," she said. "We'll call it—well, we could call it a "Nude Ranch" and let the boys raise hell in fancy ways."

"What do you mean by 'fancy ways'?" Jefferson asked.

The next morning, a very tired Jefferson B. knew the answer. He signed a \$25,000 check with a trembling hand.

Sara shopped carefully. She found a 2,000-acre spread a few miles west of Cheyenne. The land wasn't much good—save for a 160-acre section that had plenty of shade trees and water. Luckily for her, this area was located smack in the center of the spread.

"I'll be operating far inside my own property," she explained to her financial angel. "It'll be like working on an island. It's much safer that way—less chance of anyone nosing around."

The land was for sale cheap and Sara snapped it up. Next, she hired work crews and ordered building materials. Within three months, there

was a large, well-furnished and fully-equipped ranch house, together with several outbuildings and a corral on the property.

Sara's \$25,000 advance was gone and she got another \$10,000 from Jefferson for working capital. She used part of this to import a bevy of young and attractive girls from New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore. She got the girls by guaranteeing a minimum \$100-per-week salary—a fortune in those days.

By May, 1872, Sara O'Malley's "Nude Ranch" was ready and open for business.

The "Grand Opening" was a week-long binge that immediately became a legend in the Territory. Admittance was by special invitation only and invitations were sent out to only the wealthiest and most influential men in Wyoming and adjacent Colorado and Nebraska.

More than 200 cattle barons, politicians and equally flush characters attended. The biggest of the bigwigs stayed at the ranch. The lesser lights had to be content with holing up in Cheyenne hotels and horsebacking it out to the brawl.

Each of the "guests" was charged a flat \$500 for the week. This included all the food and booze they could eat and drink—and all the extra-special trimmings which Sara's expert "entertainers" provided.

As in all such establishments of that violent era, a large sign inside the main entrance announced that "ALL GUNS WILL BE CHECKED BEFORE ENTERING."

There was an argument over this on opening night. An Omaha cattle-buyer refused to check his gun. Sara O'Malley tried to reason with him—at first. When he got nasty, she reached into the bosom of her dress—Sara was the only woman at the ranch who was always fully-clothed—and drew a double-barreled derringer.

"Don't argue with me," she murmured with deceptive feminine sweetness—and fired twice, putting a bullet through each of his legs.

From then on, no one ever "argued" with Sara O'Malley.

"I run an elegant joint," she was wont to say. "Only I ain't afraid to use a gun on any varmint who gets ornery."

Sara had an instinct—a natural talent—for running a bordello with frills. She seemed to guess unerringly what would titillate and excite the "boys" of the Wild West—and she supplied everything, in spades.

After the opening week, the establishment settled down to what would be its cozy and highly profitable routine from then on.

A regular feature was the weekly Saturday pony-race. Sara had purchased several Shetland ponies. On these, she mounted the most buxom of her girls. They "raced" at a slow trot around a small circular track.

The male clients wagered huge amounts on their favorites—favorite jockeys, not ponies. They went wild

at the sight of so much femininity bouncing so delightfully aboard the ponies.

There was even a "theater" in the "bunk house." It was a larger room that contained about 30 tables and had a low stage running along one entire wall. A tough, handsome young piano player—who, many claimed, was Sara's true love and secret lover—beat out tunes on a shiny new upright. On the stage, a score or more of Sara's girls did helldorado-style can-cans while wearing only a few bows or ribbons or bits of transparent silk.

The customers watched the dances—and the acts that followed, and paid a dollar or more for a single shot of cheap rot-gut and anywhere up to four dollars for better grades of booze.

"Sara's place sure as hell ain't cheap—but you get your money's worth," her clients swore. "Nothing like it this side of Paris!"

AS FEW—if any—of the worthies had ever been to Paris they could not know that there was nothing quite like Sara's on either side of that over-rated sin-town. Madam O'Malley had them all beat!

The men who lived on the frontier loved to gamble. Sara provided them with a poker game to end all poker games.

The men bet money and played poker the same way they always did—but there was a difference. They didn't stand to win the pots. All the "winnings" went to Sara—while the player who'd theoretically won the most received his reward in being the first to spend a night with Sara's newest girl.

She got a new girl at least once a month, sometimes more often. Girls didn't last too long at the ranch and they had to be replaced. Many of them got full-time offers from rich cattle barons or other local tycoons and bade Sara O'Malley tearful farewells when they departed to take houses or apartments on which their boy friends paid the rent.

"A dame can make good here," Sara always told newcomers. "Rich men come here all the way from Omaha, Denver and even Kansas City. If you can't snare a man to marry you or support you, there's something mighty wrong."

The Nude Ranch rocked and rolled to ever greater fame and fortune. By tacit understanding, Sara's spread became a sort of neutral ground. Sheriffs and Marshals came there—and so did bank robbers and gun-slingers. It was tacitly understood that lawmen would leave desperadoes strictly alone there. By the same token, the killers and thieves agreed not to shoot it out among themselves or with badge-wearing gentry while on Miss O'Malley's property.

"Let everyone be friends while they're here," the redheaded madam urged. "They'd better be—or I'll plug 'em!"



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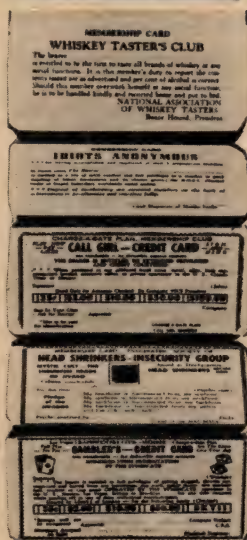


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Among the famous Wild West personalities who visited the Nude Ranch frequently were Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok. Jack McCall, the notorious badman who was to shoot Hickok in the back and kill him in Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1876, was also a well-known client of Sara's.

One version of the Hickok murder has it that McCall shot Wild Bill because of a quarrel that had taken place at the Nude Ranch a year before. According to this story, Hickok stole McCall's favorite and the girl spat into McCall's face. The desperado would have killed them both on the spot had it not been for the rule about "no gun-play at Sara's."

Sara herself is known to have killed only two men during her career in the Wyoming Territory. One was a drunken badman, Clint Clay, who tried to hold her up. She shot him twice—between the eyes.

The other was an Edward Peebles who, possibly tired of romping with the pay-as-you-enter girls, thought he would like to romp with Sara instead. He was carried out feet-first and a coroner's jury was empanelled on the spot from among the clients who were summoned from their rooms for the purpose.

"The victim died accidentally while attempting to injure a lady's virtue," the jury agreed in less than 30 seconds. Sara, to show her gratitude, set up a round of free drinks and the jurors trooped back to their unfinished business in the playrooms of the bunkhouse.

Sara O'Malley remained more or less faithful to her financial backer, Jefferson Porcher, for a year. Then, when she was able to pay him back the money he had advanced, she dropped him and concentrated on her piano player. Until one day he got tired of pounding ivories and went to California. From then on, Sara had several lovers—all wealthy men.

Taking her cue from bronc-busting rodeos, Sara introduced "Gal-Busting" nights. Greased from head to toe, nude girls would climb into a ring. Clients with a taste for that sort of thing would pay \$25 apiece for the privilege of going into the ring for a five-minute period.

"If you can pin a girl to the mat for 30 seconds in that time, you can spend the night with her—and these girls are real special," Sara announced.

The women were expert at writhing and wriggling their grease-coated bodies out of the men's clutches. Sometimes a man would have to go five or even six rounds—at \$25 each—before he could grab and hold down one of the women for the necessary length of time.

The Nude Ranch even had branding parties—with the girls milling around and the men trying to catch them. The brands were large rubber stamps affixed to the end of standard branding irons. Once a man had man-

aged to plant his "brand" on a girl, he could "claim" her for the rest of the day and night.

MADAM O'MALLEY was a shrewd businesswoman. She was aware that many of her clients were occasionally hard-pressed for ready cash. She let it be known that they could pay the steep tariffs of the ranch in trade—and accepted cattle, grain, feed, almost anything of value in barter. Naturally, she allowed far less on everything than the current market price and hence made huge profits.

Attempts were made by various blue-nosed groups and organizations to "close that O'Malley woman's hell-hole down." All were useless. Sara's customers included Territorial governors, high-ranking army officers and senators and congressmen as well as sheriffs and marshals. No one could touch her—at least not until the spring of 1880.

Sara O'Malley had gone on a trip—back East. She had done this often before without any difficulty arising during her absence. This time, however, she left the ranch in charge of one of her girls—who, it developed, did not have the guts and gumption to keep the necessary order.

One day a number of cattlemen and ranchers came to the ranch, bringing along three Eastern dudes who had been roaming around Cheyenne. The dudes were rather effeminate men in the eyes of the Westerners.

The entire group got very, very drunk. At the height of the festivities, the cattlemen decided they would have a mock round-up, using the dudes instead of cattle.

"You boys make a run for it," the ranchers roared, getting their guns from the checkroom. "Go on—run!"

The Easterners protested—only to have a volley of Colt bullets rain around their feet.

"Okay! If they won't run, let's hog-tie 'em!" one character bellowed. "Let's see if they're bulls—and if they are, we'll make steers out of 'em!"

One of the victims was the son of a Senator prominent on the Senate Territorial Affairs Committee. The scandal rocked Washington — and that was the end of Sara O'Malley's gun-governed Nude Ranch.

Neither her pull, nor her money—nor even her ability with a derringer or .44 Colt—could save Sara.

She returned to Cheyenne to find most of her girls in jail.

"Oh, hell, it's about time I retired, anyway," she shrugged.

Sara bailed all the women out and bought them coach tickets for whatever destination they wished plus sizable stakes to help them get new starts. Then she sold her ranch—reaping more than 300% net profit.

"Where you going, Sara?" several men asked her. "What're you going to do?"

"I don't have to worry," she replied calmly. "I've made over a million dollars in nine years—and I've socked

most of it away. I'm going back East, change my name, get married to a real gent and live like a lady . . ."

And she did.

Damned few people knew that the Sara Jameson, who died in Boston at the age of 70 in 1912, was the former Sara O'Malley. Certainly, no one could guess from reading the glowing obituaries which appeared in the Boston press.

"Mrs. Jameson was the daughter of a prominent Wyoming ranching family," the obits declared. "Her parents were killed in an Indian raid and she came to Boston in 1881 and married Winthrop B. Jameson, the well-known importer who died seven years later. Since that time, Mrs. Jameson had been active in all anti-vice campaigns in this city. She was an outspoken foe of all forms of evil and worked tirelessly for reform of the city government and the abolishment of prostitution . . ."

Sara's ghost must have laughed like hell . . .

LLOYDS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

money where its mouth is, willing to wager, for instance, that it will do nothing else but snow on a certain date in a specified location.

Strangely enough, Lloyd's is not really an insurance company, although it exerts more influence than any other group in the insurance world. The company itself was incorporated by an Act of Parliament in 1871. For nearly 200 years before and 87 years after, its members, who now number over 4,000, have individually underwritten every risk that has been insured. To become a member of Lloyd's, a man must have a minimum of \$210,000 in liquid assets to his name. He must also deposit with the company a minimum of \$14,000. This entitles him to take risks within sharply defined limits. If he plans to underwrite on a larger scale, he must have the finances to take care of all his risks at one time. A member's personal books are subject to audit at any time by the company. As one member puts it: "Individually we are insurance underwriters; collectively we are Lloyd's."

Almost every insurance company in the world reinsures with Lloyd's, thus spreading out the risks taken on larger policies. Although the total losses of Lloyd's members are a closely guarded secret, those in the know can estimate fairly accurately what percentage of any risk these men have assumed. When the *Andrea Doria* went down, it was said that over \$5,500,000 of the loss had been reinsured with Lloyd's and was paid out by certain of its members. The loss of the *Titanic* in 1912 came to over \$3,000,000. When the 1954 hurricane hit the United States at least \$28,000,000 of the loss was paid by Lloyd's members, part insured directly and part reinsured. The only insurance which is not handled by this group of underwriters is regular

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Today Lloyd's will insure anything on which reasonable odds can be figured. As a result, the total business done in 1956, of which less than half is now in the marine field, amounted to \$681,520,000 in premiums after deducting commissions paid. This was one-third of the total non-life business handled by all British insurance firms.

In Lloyd's old records there are many references to losses of ships and cargoes from piracy on the high seas. Captain Kidd, Henry Morgan, "Blackbeard" Teach and others who flew the sinister "Jolly Roger" were bad medicine for those who put their money on ships venturing into the Spanish Main. Insurance rates, of course, were higher for voyages into waters where buccaneers were known to be operating.

Slave insurance was an important part of Lloyd's business in the early days. Until England abolished the slave trade by the Acts of 1806 and 1811, this was considered as legal a business as any other, and insurance on the human cargoes was handled in a routine way. The crowded and unsanitary conditions aboard the ships caused a horrible loss of life among the slaves and consequently rates were high. However, a legal opinion of the day ruled that "if a slave destroys himself through despair, which often happens, it should be regarded as natural death." In such cases Lloyd's would make no payment.

It was also possible for slave-owners to insure their "property" from running away. Some of the earliest notices posted in Lloyd's Coffee House were descriptions of such runaways, with rewards offered for their return.

While gambling risks have always been frowned upon at Lloyd's—mainly because neither party could legally be forced to pay—they have always been taken by the members, and probably always will be. In fact, it is so hard to draw the line between pure gambling and legitimate insurance in some cases that it would be foolish to try to make any distinction. That's why the popular saying has

sprung up: "Lloyd's will bet on anything."

ONE OF THE MOST FREQUENT gambles of the old days was on the lives of public men who were ill. The odds were quoted from day to day and the public could take its choice of survival or decease. Many shrewd Lloyd's members used to bribe servants in the homes of such invalids to get the latest sickbed news, and adjust their odds accordingly. There is an old story of one famous sick man who picked up a news sheet and read that his life was quoted at 90%. He promptly died from the shock! Such policies are not written today by Lloyd's, but theater managers throughout England insure the lives of the Royal Family because during any period of national mourning which follow a Royal death all forms of entertainment would stop. Thus they hedge against possible loss.

Lloyd's has a lot of firsts to its credit in the insurance business. It wrote the first burglary policy in 1889, the first earthquake policy in 1895—11 years before the disaster in San Francisco tagged it for a \$1,500,000-loss—and the first hurricane policy shortly afterwards. The first profits insurance was issued in 1903.

In the field of anatomical coverage, Lloyd's again led all others by insuring the lovely legs of the French music-hall star Mistinguette for thousands of pounds. It proved to be a tremendous publicity stunt and the Moulin Rouge was always packed when the famous charmer appeared. Since then many girls in show business have had their bodies well-covered by insurance—if very little else. Many dancers and musical comedy actresses have taken out insurance with Lloyd's against gaining weight that would ruin their precious figures. And on the opposite end of the seesaw, the fat lady in an American circus had a policy that would pay off if she lost weight!

The White Wings Aviation Policy, the first standard type ever written, was issued by Lloyd's in 1911, although special aircraft insurance had been taken out before. One of the earliest policies may have been that one of Lloyd's which covered Claude Grahame-White and Louis Paulhan when they flew from London to Manchester in 1910. The first airship policy was written by Lloyd's in 1913 on the *Schwaben*. This zeppelin was destroyed by fire, and there was a lot of discussion before a compromise settlement was reached because "explosion" had been specifically exempted. Lloyd's now writes a tremendous amount of aircraft insurance and compiles a complete record of all plane movements.

Many types of coverage which seem freakish to an outsider are merely routine business to Lloyd's and its clients. For instance, a livestock show can insure against an outbreak of hoof-and-mouth disease which would cancel it entirely or cut the profits

way down. Weather insurance comes under the same heading. Every day in the year, somewhere in the world, Lloyd's is betting against the elements—usually that it will be a clear day so that attendance at outdoor sports or entertainments will not be affected. But there was the time when Lloyd's wagered heavily *against* a bright sunny day. A Hollywood producer was taking an expensive cast and tons of equipment on location in the Rocky Mountains to shoot scenes of a snowstorm. For every day that was lost the expenses would be terrific, so a policy was taken out with Lloyd's insuring the producer against any other form of weather but snow. The premium was high but it was worth it to the movie-maker. He got his snow and Lloyd's didn't have to pay off.

Such insurance is usually taken out to safeguard profits or to compensate for weather-caused expenses, as in the examples given above. But in England it is customary for individuals to insure their own pursuits of happiness and comfort against the vagaries of nature. Before going on his annual "holidays" (vacation to us), many a Britisher takes out weather insurance. Then if it rains and he has to sit glumly on the porch for a couple of days, he at least gets something for his discomfort. Watching the rain, possibly he hums softly to himself that old refrain "Ha'pennies from Heaven."

During eclipses and other rare stellar performances, astronomers and scientists, who travel to distant vantage points for their observations, take out Lloyd's insurance against a cloudy sky at such locations. Then, if their observations come to nothing, they at least are not out money.

The members of Lloyd's, who individually underwrite all these weather risks and have to pay off on anything from a summer shower to a cloud-burst, must be extremely aware of the importance of "saving for a rainy day!"

Twin insurance is a fairly common policy written by Lloyd's, particularly in the United States. The rate was comparatively low for many years, when a well-known American society woman had an X-ray prediction made early in her pregnancy whereupon she immediately sought all the insurance she could get. After Lloyd's paid off promptly, the premium rate was raised quite a bit.

Election bets are also taken by Lloyd's—though nothing is said in the policy about anybody's having to do anything in Macy's window at high noon. Business firms frequently insure on election results to hedge against changes in taxes or import duties that would affect their profits. By betting on the party they *don't* want in office, they collect if it wins the election; if their party gets in, they're satisfied and don't mind having paid the premium on the policy.

One of the strangest risks ever taken by Lloyd's was insuring a wom-

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an's hat from being blown overboard during an Atlantic crossing. The headpiece in question was studded with jewels and belonged to Cecile Sorel, a star of the *Comedie Francaise*.

In 1898, during the Spanish-American War, Lloyd's wrote policies that no country would make a surprise seizure of the Rock of Gibraltar. This was done to safeguard a large amount of British property owned on "Gib." In 1901 a contingent policy was issued to pay a total loss in the event of the postponement of the coronation of King Edward VII, and in 1925 someone, oddly enough, took out a policy against the reinstatement of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm to the German throne that year's month of November.

SPORTS have come in for their share of Lloyd's betting or insurance—call it what you will. A policy was issued to pay a loss of around \$9,000 if Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel on or before December 31, 1926. It was duly paid. That same year, during the general strike in England, a policy was written which would pay in the event the Derby was not run. And if monster-catching can be called a sport, this strange insurance policy may be added: \$97,400 was to be paid if the Loch Ness Monster was delivered alive in London on or before January 25, 1934. It was rumored that Babe Ruth had insurance with Lloyd's against a slump in his home run production, but like many other stories of this kind there is nothing to substantiate it. Similarly, the bases in the American League parks were said to be insured against "theft" by Ty Cobb.

Speaking of the City of Celluloid, one of the very few risks that Lloyd's refused to take was on the blush of a bashful actor who was going into the movies. The handsome young bachelor didn't get his insurance on the grounds that, once he'd been in Hollywood for a few weeks he would in all probability lose his ability to blush, and he'd be lucky if that was all he lost.

Among actors and entertainers, it is claimed that Jimmy Durante has \$140,000 worth of "schnozola" in-

surance with Lloyd's and that Fred Astaire's legs and dancing feet are insured for \$650,000. Spanish flamenco dancer Jose Greco is reported to have his four pairs of specially-made elastic-wool pants insured for just under \$1,000 apiece against splitting while he is onstage.

Shopkeepers of Washington, D.C., took out a \$200,000-policy against the failure of President-elect Truman to appear at his inauguration in 1949. When ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee cancelled a part of his lecture tour through Canada in 1955, Lloyd's paid out \$4,000. More than \$10,000 in equivalent pounds was paid to interested parties in London when the House of Lords reversed a judgment of the Court of Appeals. Shortly after the Russians got Sputnik I into orbit, an Australian firm took out the equivalent of \$22,400 in insurance against "death caused by accident" due to the crash-landing of the Red satellite. The premium amounted to \$70.

With such a variety of weird risks actually having been insured by Lloyd's, it is no wonder that hundreds of spurious fables have grown up about the venerable institution. A few of the more risqué risks that gossips would have us believe is that Lloyd's insured: the virginity of a millionaire's daughter, who was told the rate would be halved if she were fitted with a chastity belt; the girls of a Paris bordello against the "hazards of occupational diseases;" certain parts of the anatomy of a high-priced international gigolo whose livelihood depended upon their retention; the entire harem of an aging Sultan against sabotage from fake eunuchs; and the bodily person of a present-day Lothario against injuries inflicted by the irate husbands of women he might be found playing house with.

Sound far-fetched? You bet! But don't be too sure that Lloyd's won't wager on some of them being true—and be able to prove it. That's what makes the insurance business so interesting. For instance, the English movie star who has her 42-inch bust insured against shrinkage. . . . Who wouldn't jump at the chance to handle a risk like that? ● ● ●

THE CAT WAS KING (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

He was an old man, but among those jungle people his word was law and nowhere else in the world was there a ruler more absolute. At his command, the four men holding Ann darted into the crowd of those who were watching. Then Prince Jomo, a cruel-faced, heavy-bodied man in his 20's stepped heavily on her neck, pinning her to the ground as though she were some sort of reptile.

"Pray for the little gods," Jim London whispered and his hands continued to move slowly up his shirt. "Pray, pray, pray."

Jomo took his foot from Ann's neck and kicked her. It was the contemptuous kick one would give a

dog. Ann groaned and rolled over on her back. Prince Jomo stepped on her throat, pinning her to the ground once more. Again he lifted the whip and looked at his father. The old man nodded.

"It's in the hands of the little gods," Jim whispered. And suddenly his voice rose to a shout. "Now!"

IT HAD BEEN Ann's idea that we visit the Waikiri. As magazine writers we were both in Kenya to cover the end of the Mau Mau campaign. Once the renowned Kimathi and the last of the Mau Mau die-hards had been captured there didn't seem much more for us to do there,

but she insisted there was a story in the Waikiri bush people that would be worth a little trouble.

Jim London advised against it. Jim had been with the British security forces and as far as he was concerned, the Waikiri were the worst crowd in all Africa. They were so primitive their culture wasn't much above that of baboons. They ate their meat raw and could lie for days in holes in the ground waiting for game to appear. Another thing was—they stank. The Waikiri dressed in the skins of animals and went for years without taking them off. Then Jim stopped grinning and told us about the whips.

"Whipping is the only punishment they know," he said. "They've used it for centuries. The king's oldest son is always the one who does it. He uses a leather strap with animal tails on it. Sort of like a cat-o'-nine-tails. The British have been trying to do something about it for years, but it's almost impossible. Because the Waikiri are so far back in the bush it's near impossible to get to them. The few colonial administrators who did make the trip reported that it's like stepping back into the Stone Age. None of the administrators was able to find out if the whippings were part of their religion or simply punishment, but they go on constantly. Women, children and old people are beaten, too, and hardly a person in the tribe doesn't have a back full of scars."

"It sounds horrible," Ann admitted, "but it sounds like a great story. So, one way or the other, I'm going hunting for the Waikiri."

Well, I liked the idea, and Jim found he was getting jumpy now that the Mau Mau were all pacified, so he decided to come along. We signed up a couple of skinny, fuzzy-headed Masai to serve as bearers and started out.

It took three weeks to find the Waikiri. They live in the densest part of the Aberdare forest of Kenya. If they don't want to be found, they can make themselves harder to run across than a den of scarlet hyenas. The whole tribe can move right into the bush and when you happen upon their village, you'd think it had been deserted for months.

But they didn't hide from us. Instead, they went out to meet us. And they were so tricky about it, even our Masai had no idea that anything was up until the Waikiri spilled out of the jungle to surround us in a clearing. Then their spears were against our bodies and their wild, grinning faces let us know they wouldn't need much of an invitation to use them.

"Don't do anything sudden," Jim London said tensely. "They'll take us to Wotolo. He's the king. He's had some contact with the colonial administrators and he'll probably know enough to turn us loose."

But Wotolo had other ideas. He was suspicious to begin with and be-

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sides he seemed to be quite troubled. There were about 50 members of his tribe crowding around him, all jabbering at once. Jim was straining his ears to hear what was being said. From his expression, it wasn't good.

"There's been a shortage of game," Jim finally whispered. "They're looking for a scapegoat. Some of them feel that as strangers we must be but that old fellow there," Jim pointed at one gnarled ancient, "is claiming that in the old days, before the white men came, there was never any shortage of game animals. Wotolo isn't convinced, but it's going to take a bit of talking to get us out of here."

If Ann had heard Jim's remarks, things might have turned out OK. But I don't think she even realized there was any danger. It didn't seem possible, to her, that this was anything more than a diversion made to order for a good story. I saw her fiddling with her camera. And then, before I could make a move to stop her, she snapped off a shot.

There was a scream of terror as the flashbulb lit up the scene. Natives began flopping this way and that, dashing to get out of the way.

Above the uproar, I heard Wotolo scream a command. Half a dozen warriors flung themselves on Ann, bearing her to the ground. At the same time, spearmen pressed their weapons tight against London and me.

When some semblance of order had been restored, the arguments continued. But this time, the King was obviously in agreement with the accusers. Finally, with Jim translating his words, he delivered his opinion.

"The white woman is a great witch. And not only has she taken the game from the forest, but now she has come to the village of the Waikiri and has attempted to place the curse of her evil eye on the people and the King. For this great crime she must be punished. All witches must be taught that the power of Wotolo is greater than theirs. She will feel the wrath of Wotolo. And then she will lift her curse and there will be much meat for the hungry. Wotolo has spoken."

Then Jomo strode forward from beside his father's throne. Ann shrank when she saw him. I tried to get to her side, but they held me away with their spears. Jomo's hand shot out and fastened in her hair. With one quick yank he had her on the ground.

With his hand in her hair, Jomo pulled her head back. He was standing over her, one foot on each side of her body. King Wotolo looked down into her pleading face. He nodded and snapped an order. Ann was dragged into the center of the courtyard and spread-eagled face down on the ground. A small boy, the youngest of Wotolo's sons, ran forward carrying the whip. Jomo took it, wrapped a few inches of it around his wrist and began his ungodly action. He kicked her over onto her back and was about to flay the front

of her body. How I held onto my sanity I'll never know. The sight of her slim, white neck beneath his filthy foot was bad enough. But the thought of that vicious whip was a thousand times more awful.

Then I was aware of Jim's voice.

The grenade arched out over the courtyard and landed at King Wotolo's feet. We threw ourselves to the ground. The explosion shook the courtyard and was followed immediately by screams of pain. Wotolo lay on the ground, his hands over his face with blood leaking through his fingers. The rest of the Waikiri ran like chickens. The wounded rolled and screamed in agony, and three were dead and perfectly still.

Jim and I ran forward and raised Ann from the ground. Her face was twisted with pain, her body soaked with blood, but when we asked her if she could walk, she nodded and gasped that she could. The Masai grabbed up our rifles and ran to our side, and the five of us dashed forward toward the jungle. All around the Waikiri were running and screaming and suddenly we got a quick glimpse of Jomo bent over his father's body.

After about a quarter of a mile, we stopped to take care of Ann. We bathed her back and did our best to make her comfortable; in ten minutes we were on our way again. We had no idea whether or not the grenade had scared off the Waikiri from following us, but we couldn't go too fast. She was in extreme pain and frequently she bit down on her lower lip to keep from screaming.

It was after we had gone about an hour that the Masai told us we were being followed. Five, maybe six Waikiri, they said. They were running after us like a pack of wild dogs. We told the natives to go ahead with Ann. Then, Jim and I dropped back. We concealed ourselves behind heavy shrubbery and about ten minutes later five of the Waikiri, including Jomo, came running along. They were bent over with their heads not much more than a foot off the ground, sniffing the trail like animals. The last one was Jomo. The whip was in his hand. The others must have been frightened. Every now and then he'd rap someone across the rump with it.

"Hold it," Jim whispered. "When they reach that clearing—"

They came up to the edge of it, hesitated. Then Jomo hollered, flailed one of the Waikiri across the face and as they went into the clearing, Jim lobbed his other grenade. We didn't see it land. We were flat on our faces behind trees, holding our breath against the explosion. We pressed our faces down into the ground and listened to the screams of the wounded.

"That ought to do it," Jim said.

"We're not out of it, yet," I said.

"You go on ahead. I'll catch up to you."

Jomo hadn't gone into the clearing. He was still on the other side, his head turning quickly first one way

then the other as though trying to figure out what to do. The whip was still in his hands.

"Don't go crazy," Jim warned me. "He was only doing what they've been doing out here for years."

"Sure," I said. "Now, you go on ahead!"

I waited until he had gone, then rose up on both knees and aimed my rifle at Jomo.

"Drop it," I said.

He didn't understand the words, but he knew what I meant. He put the whip on the ground and bent over it. When I got close enough, I lifted the rifle butt and smashed it against the back of his head. He dropped face down. I picked up the whip.

"Let's see how you like it," I said and brought the lash screaming down onto his back. He grunted with pain, but didn't cry out. I lashed out again and the blood spurted free. Then maybe I went a little crazy, but I couldn't stop. Again and again I brought the whip down. I must have hit him twenty times before I came to my senses and staggered back.

For maybe half a minute, he lay there, his back a bloody pulp, staring at me. Then he crawled to his feet and started back to the village. I watched until he disappeared into the jungle, then I tossed the whip away. I ran along the trail till I caught up with the others. • • •

HOLLYWOOD ORGY (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

Some tried to flee—into the building and its upper floors and roof. Others remained where they were—frozen with terror as the insects reached them.

One by one, the houses fell to the ants. The onslaught engulfed them, ate and moved on, leaving behind only the white skeletons, some still locked in grotesque embrace.

A few survivors climbed higher and higher into the hills, frantically attempting to escape—to live for a few hours or moments longer.

A small group even made the tough climb to our bunker. We saw the refugees coming and warned them.

"Go back!" I shouted to them. "This is government property—we've been ordered to shoot to kill . . . !"

Obscene curses were the only reply I received. Walker and I raised our tommy-guns and let loose a few bursts over their heads. This seemed to enrage, rather than frighten the group.

"Let's get the bastards!" one of the men shouted to the others.

They began running toward the bunker. I bit my lip, aimed—and soon there were only corpses dotting the hillside . . .

WE SENT IN OUR reports—and received information in return. There had been no break-through in

the ant-poison experiments. One chemist had developed a spray that was effective, but its formula was so complex and the ingredients so scarce, that large-scale production was out.

"How long do you think it'll be before it's all over in L.A.?"

"No more than five or six days."

By then, the first columns of ants were marching through the streets of downtown Los Angeles. Other legions had begun moving over the Coldwater Canyon Pass.

Milling crowds of human beings jammed the streets. They tried to run—to flee—but where? Transportation, communications, food distribution and production were halted.

Men were killing for a few cans of food—women were selling themselves for a slice of bread! The breakdown—moral and physical—was complete.

The ants moved on, multiplying relentlessly. Soon they covered the Wilshire District—the surging ribbons of red-brown stretched along every traffic lane as far as the eye could see!

All newspapers and radio stations had already ceased operation. It was impossible to guess the number of dead, but the total had long before reached several million!

The whitened bones of the dead lay everywhere. In some places, where the ants had trapped a large crowd in sweeping pincers movements, there

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were great white heaps of skeletons.

The morning that the first column of soldier-ants turned up into the hills, we knew the end was near—very near. We made our six A.M. report to Washington. Silence.

Then, at 6:30, we received an urgent radio message.

"Get ready to pull out! The copter will be in for you at noon..."

We had little to pack. We sweated the hours until the big Piasecki came over and touched down near the bunker. Warily, sick at heart, we went to the ship—and were astounded to see the pilot hanging out of the cockpit with a huge grin on his face.

"The damned ghoul!" I muttered.

I hated him—I hated that man more than I had ever hated anyone at that moment. My wife—my child, my mother and father-in-law—were back there in that dead, desolate horror of a city.

I shuddered and a terrible sickness spread over me. I would never see Edna, nor my son again. I would not even have the grim consolation of knowing that they were decently buried in a grave...

I wanted to lash out and strike him. George sensed my feelings. He gripped my shoulder.

"Don't—for God's sake don't go to pieces now," he grated. "He doesn't know; he doesn't understand..."

When we were airborne, the co-pilot came back to us.

"They've got the stuff!" he bellowed. "Planes will be over this afternoon—somebody found a spray to kill the bugs!"

DR. CLARENCE MARTON, the famous nuclear chemist, had hit upon a formula for a simple, effective spray. It was a radioactive solution that destroyed the female ant's reproductive powers the moment the insect was exposed. It also killed the ants—in droves.

"But isn't that dangerous to humans as well?" I asked the government liaison scientist at Hamilton Field. "What about the survivors in Los Angeles?"

"It—it can't be helped," he said tonelessly. "There—well, there won't be any 'survivors.' The entire Los Angeles area will be uninhabitable for several years to come..."

Air Force planes—big tankers were thundering down the runway. They had been hastily fitted with lead shielding to protect the crews, and equipped with improvised spray hoses that would be lowered more than 100 feet below their fuselages.

"The planes will never return," an Air Force officer explained. "Carrying the spray will make them radioactive. The crews will fly back over uncontaminated territory, set the auto pilot, head the ships for the Pacific—and bail out..."

I remained at Hamilton Field through the two days that were needed to complete the spraying operation. More than 1,200 aircraft of all types were used, fitters and riggers



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if laid up by specified sickness, originating 30 days after issue of policy. Payable from the first day of medical attention when disabled and house confined at the rate of \$30.00 per month for the first week, at the rate of \$60.00 per month for the second week and at the rate of \$100.00 per month for the remaining period up to eight weeks.

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any accident or illness during the last five years?.....
If yes, when and for what?.....
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Signed at City..... State.....
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The answers to the above questions are given to the best of
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No. 146 — — — — — Policy Series 101 —

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Native villages in Africa, romantic Vienna, bustling Copenhagen, mysterious Hong Kong—yes, countryside hamlets and great cities all over the world produce fascinating products.

Using my plan, you don't have to travel abroad unless you want to. You don't even have to know a foreign language. And, there is no face-to-face selling in mail order.

I have proven this plan with 103 imports—and the opportunities for the sale by mail of thousands more are breathtaking in their possibilities. Hunting knives and binoculars from Germany, silverware from Sheffield, England—hand-carved art objects from Africa—all costing less than \$1 abroad have values up to \$5 or more here and are big sellers by mail order.

Monthly bulletins sent free to those who follow my plan show suppliers of new and desirable imports.

As I write this, I am receiving as many as 1,000 cash orders a day for imported clocks—all by mail order. They cost me only 63¢ and I sell them far below the U.S. market—a terrific bargain and a wonderful seller. And, I don't stock them as they are shipped direct to the buyers from abroad, after I receive the cash.

So you see, it is even possible to conduct a business of this kind without investing in merchandise.



Mrs. McGinn, one of my students in Illinois, operates a gift shop and sells Arabian perfume by mail order. F. Basler, N. J., sells Aztec bird feather pictures from Mexico to stores and by mail order.

You might ask, "Why do you let others in on your plan? Why don't you keep it all for yourself?" The answer is that items for import are countless. No one person could possibly handle even a small proportion of them. There's plenty of business in import-export for you and me and many others.

If you are sincere and really open-minded to a new and different opportunity—one which may change your whole idea of the kind of money you can make in your own full or part time business—write today for full details. Air mail reaches me overnight.

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slapping shielding and tanks into them as fast as humanly possible.

Quite a number of the flyers were killed or seriously injured in the parachute jumps. Many others were condemned to agonizing death by the radiation leaks that developed in some of the jerry-built tanks.

The cost in lives and material was enormous—but the ants were licked. Reconnaissance and photo planes flew patrols constantly. They returned with pictures that showed the huge, swarming oceans of insects shrinking hourly.

The catastrophic living tide was slowed, turned—and destroyed. The vast ant-armies shrivelled and died...

But more than 6,000,000 human beings had died as well, trading their lives to gain time.

Southern California was a desolate desert, littered with grinning skulls and skeletons—with the putrescent corpses of those who had managed to escape the ants, but were slaughtered by the radioactive spray... eating into their bones.

That was five years ago. Next year, the area will be free of radioactivity. Human life will once more appear in the deserted cities. At first, there will only be government crews—men who will collect the bones of the dead and bury them. They will be followed by engineers and specialists in every field, who will begin to breathe life into the dead communities. Perhaps, in another decade, Southern California will again be populated.

NO, NO ONE HAS ever solved the mystery of the soldier-ants. The best theory is that some of them reached California in either a steamer or an aircraft that had flown in from Africa. The entomologists pointed out that the same thing had happened in the 1930's and 1940's with fire ants.

Some laymen blame it all on "radioactivity," and maintain that radioactive fallout from A-bomb testing grounds in not-too-distant Nevada upset the ants' genetic balance.

I have my own theory—about as unscientific as any theory can be. I remember standing at the side of a field in Kenya, watching a soldier-ant army devour a gazelle that had been trapped in its stream.

My old Masai man-servant spoke. "There is a legend among us," he grunted. "My people have known the devil-ants since the beginning of time. We believe that they are not mere ants, but that they are possessed by the spirits of the evil dead. That is why they seem to think and act almost as men. The legend says that one day, these ants will be granted all the reasoning powers of men by the evil gods—and that they will destroy mankind and rule the earth."

I recall the horror I saw in Los Angeles—and I recall the words of the old Masai. And I shudder. It may only be a legend of superstitious African natives, but it fits the known facts much too well...

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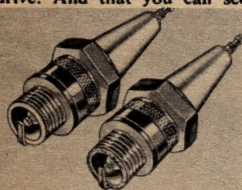
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Yes — this revolutionary new FIRE INJECTION SYSTEM — installed in 15 minutes, must deliver maximum power and economy WITHOUT CHANGING TO HIGH-PRICED PREMIUM GAS — must give you up to 31 more H.P., 8 more miles per gallon for the life of your car! See unprecedented GUARANTEE below!

Your car runs because gasoline is fed into the cylinders where a spark causes it to fire. Now here is the important thing. The larger this spark is the more powerful the explosion. The more powerful the explosion, the more power you get from a given amount of gas. Poor explosion means wasted gas, loss of power, poor getaway, bad starting, a sluggish car. Good explosion means more miles per gallon, more horsepower, blazing pickup; an exciting car to drive!

WHAT CONTROLS ENGINE EFFICIENCY?

Spark plugs control the efficiency of that explosion. And not only do they give a small, weak spark to begin with; but they get worse every mile you drive. And that you can see



for yourself. Put a new set of spark plugs in your car and then look at them at 100 miles, at a thousand miles, at 5,000 miles. Every time you look you will see more filth and carbon and more of the precious electrode burning away.

STOP USING SPARK PLUGS!

Now, read very carefully what I'm going to suggest . . . that you stop using spark plugs! That's right — get rid of them — forever. But . . . if you get rid of your spark plugs, what will ignite the gasoline and make the motor run?

Well, please remember that today you can have gas injection and get far more mileage, efficiency and power from less gas — and in a few years gas injection will have completely replaced the carburetor. In the same way, now is the time for Americans to replace old-fashioned, temporary, inefficient spark plugs with a modern, efficient, permanent fire injection system!

PAYS FOR ITSELF IN ONE MONTH!

Now, the SA FIRE INJECTION system is so inexpensive that it can pay for itself in gas savings alone in one month of driving. Forget for the moment about the extra pep, power, performance . . . the savings in spark plug servicing and replacement . . . the savings in wear and tear on pistons and cylinders. Just remember this fire injection sys-

tem will pay for itself in one month of driving! Here's how:

A spark plug jumps a spark across an air gap, limiting the size. A fire injector fires on the surface of a conductor. You get a heavy, powerful flame that will not blow out at pressures far greater than those created by the highest compression engine!

On ordinary spark plugs the air gap is always getting bigger, wasting power and gas. Plugs are constantly accumulating filth and carbon because of inefficient ignition. A fire injector has no air gap and no electrode to burn away. It never needs cleaning or setting; it actually becomes more efficient with use. It will actually outlast any car, delivering maximum efficiency without servicing or replacement.

With ordinary spark plugs you should be using premium gas, which costs from 4 to 8 cents more than regular gas. With fire injectors regular gas will give you up to 8 more miles per gallon, up to 31 more horsepower — plus easier starting in all weather.

These are some of the reasons that the U. S. Air Force pays premium prices for special aircraft fire injectors for the high-powered engines of their jet aircraft.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF!

If you have automatic transmission, make a note of how fast your car crawls forward when it is in the drive position, with the motor idling. If you have a sports car, a racing car or a boat, make a note of the RPMs as indicated on



the tachometer when the engine is idling. If you have regular transmission, put your car in low gear on a level road and notice its speed with the motor idling. Next, take a spark plug wrench (you can procure one of these tools anywhere) and remove your spark plugs. Just screw the injectors right into the spark plug openings. Then no matter what kind of gas you have been using — fill your tank with the poorest regular gas you can buy. That's all you have to do to see the most amazing results you can imagine!

CHECK YOUR RESULTS CAREFULLY

If you have automatic transmission — now put your car in drive and let your engine idle. If your car stood still with spark plugs, it will move forward

at from 4 to 6 miles per hour; that means that the amount of gas that just kept your engine turning over will now carry you up to 6 miles at no cost to you!

If you have a racing car, sports car or a boat, your RPMs will increase up to 200 more at idling — up to 300 more at higher speeds. If you have regular transmission, in low gear and with your motor idling your car will move forward 4 to 6 miles per hour faster. In other words, no matter what you drive, here is absolute proof that you can go further, faster and cheaper when you install SA FIRE INJECTORS in your car!

SEND NO MONEY — JUST MAIL THE COUPON!

Up to now these SA FIRE INJECTORS were practically made by hand and would have had to sell for as high as \$5 each. But we knew that 30 or 40 dollars for a set of 6 to 8 SA FIRE INJECTORS was more than the average driver could afford — so we decided to get the price down so low that these injectors would pay for themselves 12 times, in one year of driving. So here is my astonishing proposition. If you will check your car's performance carefully before and after you install your SA FIRE INJECTORS and then tell your friends and neighbors about them, here is what I am prepared to do for you.

You can have a set of SA FIRE INJECTORS for the year and model of your car for a fraction of their value . . . that's \$1.49 each . . . only \$8.94 for a 6-cylinder car or \$11.92 for an 8-cylinder car. Now, if your SA FIRE INJECTORS don't meet my GUARANTEE — if they do not continue to deliver maximum performance for the life of your car . . . you get your money back on 10-day no-risk basis.

CHECK THESE DIFFERENCES



SPARK PLUG

Fires across air gap
Wire electrode burns away
Carbon ruins firing tip
Needs cleaning and setting
Needs periodic replacing
Needs premium gas
Must have exact heat range
Spark blows out under pressure



FIRE INJECTOR

NO air gap required
NO wire electrode
NO tip deterioration
NO cleaning or setting ever
NO replacing
NO premium gas needed
NO heat range
NO blowing out even at highest compressions

GUARANTEE — INSURANCE — INDEMNITY

Take your set of SA FIRE INJECTORS and install them immediately; then, give your new injection system every test you can think of . . . starting — acceleration — gas mileage — motor pep and smoothness for 10 full days. You must get up to 31 more horsepower — up to 8 more miles per gallon — increased engine RPMs — faster starting, blazing acceleration, freedom from knocks and pings, easier starting in all kinds of weather . . . AND DO ALL OF THESE THINGS ON REGULAR GAS, OR YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

As long as the SA FIRE INJECTORS are in your car you are covered by a PRODUCT LIABILITY INSURANCE POLICY, endorsed by an internationally famous insurance company. A detailed description of this coverage is yours on request.

If any SA FIRE INJECTOR does not continue to deliver maximum performance for the life of your car, we will replace it FREE, or we will replace your ignition system with a set of brand-new standard American plugs. Simply return your SA FIRE INJECTORS with your guarantee.

C. D. Kasher, President,
STERLING ARTCO, INC.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm all through. If you're not too lazy to take 15 minutes to remove a set of plugs and install a set of fire injectors and not too proud to save a lot of money — if you enjoy a car that delivers the maximum in smooth, powerful performance — then choose the method of ordering easiest for you as shown in the coupon and order your SA FIRE INJECTORS right now!

Sterling Artco, Inc., 159 East 69th St., New York 21, N. Y. Dept. MII-A

Yes, I want new pep, power and performance from my automobile! Please send me:

- ☐ One matched set of 6 SA FIRE INJECTORS for \$8.94
☐ One matched set of 8 SA FIRE INJECTORS for \$11.92
☐ Single SA FIRE INJECTORS (Number) at \$1.49 each

CAR DATA

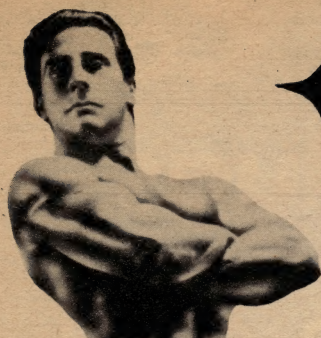
YEAR
MAKE
CYS.
MODEL

☐ Enclosed is the full price for the SA FIRE INJECTORS I am ordering. You will pay the postage. In addition, I will receive as a special FREE Bonus a famous illustrated 62-page "Economy Driving Handbook." Though I pay in advance, all terms of this offer and Guarantee-Insurance-Indemnity apply, and the Handbook is mine to keep even if I return the Fire Injectors.

☐ Send my SA FIRE INJECTORS C.O.D. on your 10-day money-back guarantee. I will pay for the postage and C.O.D. charges.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE
Remittance enclosed:
☐ Check
☐ M.O.
☐ Cash

AGENT, DEALER, DISTRIBUTOR INQUIRIES INVITED



JOE WEIDER

"The Muscle Builder"
"Trainer of Champions"

IN 15 MINUTES I'LL PROVE YOU CAN HAVE A RUGGED, VIRILE, HE-MAN BODY!

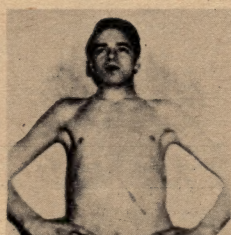
Let me add 5 to 50 Pounds of "He-Man" muscles to your body. Pack 3 inches of "Steel-like" muscles to your arms. Add another 10 inches of rugged muscles to your chest — right in the privacy of your own home!

THIS CERTAINLY CAN HAPPEN TO YOU! *What I did for these former weaklings I can do for you!*

HERE'S
LIVING
PROOF!

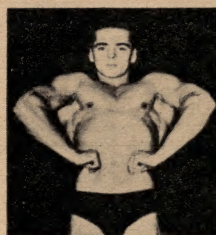
**ANDRE
LEPINE**

Gains 80 lbs.
OF
SOLID MUSCLE



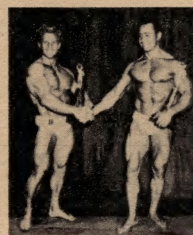
BEFORE

BEFORE mailing the coupon . . . 100 pounds of skin and bones! What a rundown wreck! He had 10-inch pipe-stem arms — a flat 34 inch chest. Truly a pathetic case of weakness before he mailed me this coupon!



AFTER

AFTER Weider Training! What a Change! What a Build! 180 pounds — a mountain of mighty muscles, loaded with Herculean 17-inch arms, magnificent 48-inch chest and shoulders a yard wide! Another dream come true!



**MY PUPILS WIN
"MR. UNIVERSE" TITLES**
Jack Delinger and Ray Schaffer, both "Mr. America" and "Mr. Universe" winners. My pupils have also won "Mr. Europe", "World's Best Built" and "Strongest Man" titles.

The world's best built men are your instructors! They show you the exercises that will build your arms, chest, shoulders and waist, twice as fast as you ever thought possible!



CLARENCE ROSS
"Mr. America"
Tells you how he built his muscles The Weider Way.



REG LEWIS
"Mr. Universe"
Tells you how he built his giant strength and power.



DOUG STROHL
"Mr. California"
Reveals to you how he gained 80 lbs. of he-man muscles.



LEO ROBERT
"World's Best Built Man"
Lets you into all the secret exercises of the champions.

JUST 15 MINUTES TO THAT RUGGED, DYNAMIC, HE-MAN BUILD YOU ALWAYS WANTED!

Give me 15 minutes right in the privacy of your own home and I will prove to you that in half the time and with twice the ease, in just a few minutes daily. I will, through my **TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE**, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman. I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help you build "inner strength" that will give you the virile look that women admire and men envy. What I did for Andre Lepine, Jack Delinger, Ray Schaffer and other "Mr. America" winners — and thousands of weaklings — I can do for you! Yes, I can turn you into a Real He-Man.

YOURS FREE! NOTHING TO BUY! AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity

**LET ME PROVE TO YOU AT MY OWN EXPENSE
THAT EVERYTHING I SAY CAN BE DONE!**



FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my Giant 32-page course, filled with exercises, training secrets, heroic photos of the mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! A-C-T-I-O-N Is The Key To Strength. Make your first he-man decision to-day. Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

**MY FREE TRIAL OFFER IS NOW YOURS AS A
FREE GIFT! NO OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART...
JUST RUSH ME THIS COUPON NOW.**

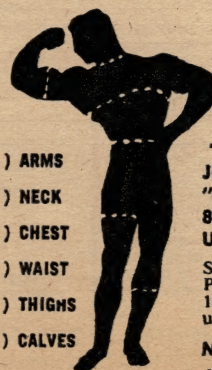
THE \$10,000 CHALLENGE only Joe Weider dares to make!

I guarantee to show you how to add twice as much muscle — triple your power — gain more weight twice as fast through my system of training than you could through any other method, and in **HALF THE TIME!** I challenge any other physical instructor in the world who teaches through the mails, to accept my challenge!

JOE WEIDER

MAIL COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COURSE

Check here where you want bigger muscles
. . . I'll show you how to put 'em there!



- () ARMS
- () NECK
- () CHEST
- () WAIST
- () THIGHS
- () CALVES

(check the gains
you want)

- I WANT ☐ Added Weight ☐ Broader Shoulders
☐ Speedier Athletic Legs ☐ More Endurance and Energy

JOE WEIDER Dept. 17-39K
"Trainer of the Champions"
801 Palisade Ave.,
Union City, N. J.

Shoot the works, Joe! Rush me my Free Introductory, Power-Charged, Muscle Building Course. (I enclose only 10 cents to cover cost of handling and mailing) I am under no obligation.

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
(Please print name clearly)

In Canada Mail to: Joe Weider 4466 Colonial Ave., Mont. Que. Canada.

THIS CRAZY STUFF

SENSATIONAL NEW HOME BUSINESS IN "VELVO-FINISH" SURFACING PAYS UP TO \$15 & \$20 AN HOUR

Are you tired of being told what to do, when to come to work—perhaps when to stay home (without pay!) when work is scarce? Would you like to walk out on all this, and start piling up the big profits for yourself? If you are really in earnest, here is your once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to do it.

START IN SPARE TIME
Enjoy 2 INCOMES AT ONCE!

A corner of garage, basement, or service porch is room enough to start. Do Velvo-Finishing evenings or weekends, and keep present job until you are "set." Profit from this double income in beginning, and bank the extra money—to buy a home, for a secure future, or to open your own full-time business when you are ready.

BECOME EXPERT IN A FEW HOURS!

No previous experience or special skill needed. My complete illustrated instructions make it easy to learn, easy to do. Few hours of practice make you a professional. Some actually complete and deliver their first high-profit jobs within a day or two after materials arrive!

OTHERS DO IT—SO CAN YOU!

\$10,000 A YEAR!

"Earned \$10,000 a year from spare-time start."

G. H., California

\$13 AN HOUR!

"Got \$52.50 doing auto trunks in 4 hours... earned \$13 per hour."

J. O., Missouri

TWO MANY ORDERS!

"Getting orders faster than I can handle in spare time."

W. R., Wyoming

\$100 JOB 1ST DAY!

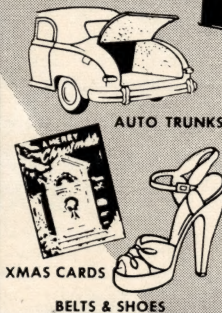
"Got \$100 job first day... promise of several more already."

C. H. E., Maryland

QUICK \$100 ORDER!

"Got quick \$100 order from store... lined up 5 others in 4 hours."

H. G. R., Wisconsin



XMAS CARDS

BELTS & SHOES

FREE!

SAMPLES, 50 HOME-BUSINESS IDEAS BOOK-LET AND CONFIDENTIAL DETAILS

Just write your Name and Address on Card—Cut Out—Mail. (Ignore printing on back) We pay postage.

NO CHARGE FOR FRANCHISES MANY OPENINGS NOW, BUT GOING FAST

Don't delay. Be the first in your area to cash-in on this amazing development. Many firms with such a sensational money-making invention would charge *hundreds of dollars* just for the license to use it—but Velvo-Finish Franchises are FREE to those who act at once!

Expect \$1000 a Month Profit Permanent—Big Future

Exciting profits today—even bigger earnings soon, as your reputation grows in the community. Don't stand idly by and watch someone else get the "gravy." Start **NOW... TODAY!**

FLOK-KRAFT New 'SPRAY-ON' Velvo-Finish
Protects and Beautifies METAL, WOOD, PAPER, GLASS Anything at all!

FREE SAMPLE
Mail Business Reply Card
No Postage Necessary

EARN UP TO \$250 A WEEK

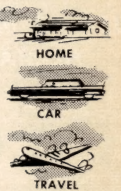
Of course, not every job pays \$10 for 15 to 20 minutes work. And not every minute is productive. You must spend some time discussing orders with customers, preparing your materials, cleaning your tools. But profits are so fantastic that just a few jobs a week can bring in \$200 or more. I show you exactly what to do to get these big-pay orders rolling in!

ORDERS COME FROM HOMES, STORES, FACTORIES, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

Prospects for Velvo-Finish are behind almost every door. Illustrations here show only few from *hundreds* of uses. Cover bottoms of lamps, ash trays, pottery, to prevent scratching tables. Beautify old book cases. Put green game-room tops on card tables. Make and sell your own Xmas cards and toys by mail order (I show you how). Line trunks, compartments of new and used cars with this velvet-soft finish to protect luggage (*tremendous* market here!). And many more. Instructions include scores of money-making ideas like these.

ENJOY REAL PROSPERITY IN GOOD TIMES OR BAD

Velvo-Finish *saves* money by renewing and beautifying old articles so *your* trade often *picks up* when other business is in a slump. Do you ever worry about losing your job? Change that with a year-round big-profit business of your own! Buy the nice home and fine car of your dreams. Have money and time for several vacations a year. Plan a better education for your children. Velvo-Finish can do all this... and more! Start by mailing the Coupon **TODAY** for big FREE packet—samples, ideas, business plans, full details.



RESERVE YOUR FRANCHISE TODAY! SURE!

YOUR NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

First Class Permit No. 20091, Los Angeles, Calif.

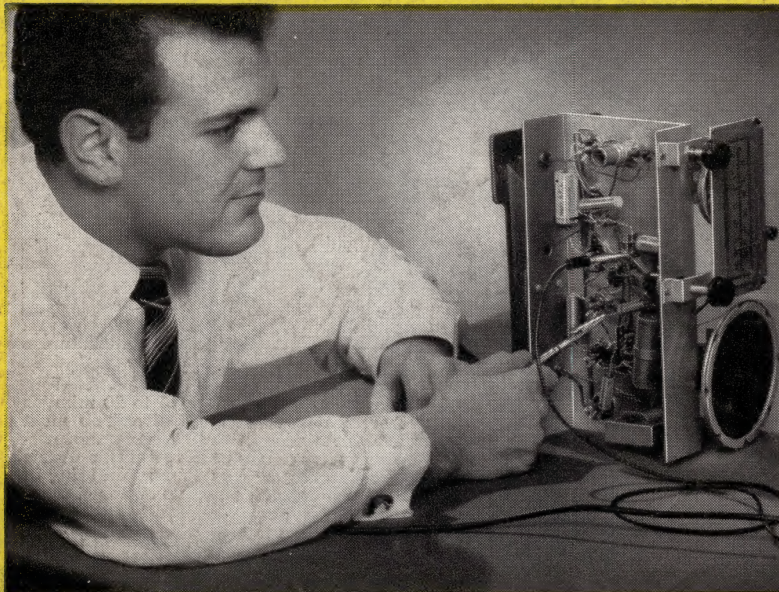
POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY—

COAST INDUSTRIES (Information Mailing Dept.)
LOS ANGELES 61, CALIFORNIA

Dept. E-3

Coast Industries, Dept. E-3, Los Angeles 61, California

For a Successful Career in Radio-Television



Train at Home
in Spare Time
with N. R. I.
**OLDEST and
LARGEST**

Home Study Radio-Television School

N.R.I. Trained These Men

ENGINEER STATION WHPE

"Thanks to NRI, I operated a successful Radio repair shop. Now I am an engineer for WHPE." VAN W. WORKMAN, HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA



QUICK SPARE TIME CASH

"Knew nothing about Radio-TV when I enrolled. After 15 lessons started repairing sets. My future looks bright." DONALD B. ACKERMAN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



HAS OWN TV BUSINESS

"Quit my job to do Television work full time. I love it and do all right financially." WILLIAM F. KLINE, CINCINNATI, OHIO



Prosperous Fast Growing Industry Offers You GOOD PAY-BRIGHT FUTURE-SUCCESS

It's the trained man who gets ahead—gets the better job, drives a better car, lives in a better home, is respected for what he knows and can do. For a job with a future—find out how you can train at home for Radio-Television.

TODAY'S OPPORTUNITY FIELD

Training PLUS OPPORTUNITY is the ideal combination for success. And today's OPPORTUNITY field is Radio-Television. Over 125 million home Radios plus 30 million sets in cars, plus 40 million TV sets mean big money for trained Technicians. More than 4,000 Radio and TV broadcasting stations offer interesting and important positions. Color television, portable TV sets, Hi-Fi, assure future growth. Find out about NRI. Since 1914—for more than 40 years—NRI has been training ambitious men

at home in spare time for Radio-TV. With NRI 50-50 method, you study basic principles AND learn by practicing with actual equipment NRI furnishes. You learn with your hands and your head. You get dependable training, backed up by the reputation of the oldest and largest home study Radio-TV school.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME SOON

\$10-\$15 A WEEK IN SPARE TIME

Soon after enrolling many start earning extra money fixing sets. Many open their own full time Radio-TV shops after getting NRI Diploma. MAIL COUPON. Get FREE Sample Lesson and 64-page Catalog showing equipment supplied, outlines of courses, opportunities in Radio-TV. Price is low—terms easy. Address: **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 9CM4, Washington 16, D. C.**

You Learn Servicing-Broadcasting at Home—By Practicing with Kits N.R.I. Sends



Nothing takes the place of practical experience. That's why NRI training is Learning-by-Doing. With Servicing Course you build Radio shown at top and other equipment. With Communications Course you build Transmitters at left and other equipment. Catalog shows all equipment you get.

Available To
VETERANS
Under G.I. Bills



SAMPLE LESSON AND CATALOG **FREE**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

National Radio Institute

Dept. 9CM4, Washington 16, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL